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NOTES OF THE WEEK

Mr. Lloyd George is one of the most reckless electioneers that the democratic system has yet produced; and sooner or later he will be punished. Mr. Churchill invented the Chinese labour cry in 1906, which after the election he admitted cynically to be a lie. The Prime Minister during the last election did promise and vow three things; that there should be no more conscription; that Germany should pay the cost of the war (put by Mr. George at 25,000 millions); and that the Kaiser should be punished. Already it has been discovered by the twenty million simpletons of both sexes who voted, that there is to be conscription for (at least) eighteen months; that Germany cannot pay 25,000 millions, or 5,000 millions: and that the Kaiser will be a very difficult person, not to hang, but to convict of any known offence.

The absolute, impenetrable secrecy which envelops "the open diplomacy" we were promised by democracy only permits us to guess and generalise about the preliminary peace and the Covenant of the League of Nations. But in truth we care very little about the terms of this Covenant, because we are certain they will not be observed, or observed only so long as it suits the policy or convenience of the High Contracting Parties. It seems to be supposed that the "scrap of paper" perfidy is confined to kings and emperors. A moment's reflection will show that democracies will be much more prone to this kind of repudiation than any monarchy. Consider what popular government means. A Parliament cannot bind its successor. An American President may sign and sign, but he cannot make peace or war without the sanction of the Senate. Who can say what may be the views of the British House of Commons or the American Senate five or ten years hence about going to war?

Unless you are absolutely sure of your sanction, physical and moral, the whole fabric of the League of Nations disappears. The basis of the League is that if some nation, whether within or without the League, does something wrong, such as beginning a war, all the members of the League will first scold, then boycott, and finally make war upon the sinner. Does anyone imagine that the peoples of Great Britain or the United States will allow their Government to go to war because Russia and Roumania, or Serbia and Bulgaria, are fighting with one another? There is, however, one

point in connection with the League of Nations, which seems to have escaped the attention of a powerful profession. If the League of Nations ever becomes a fact, diplomacy as a profession is killed.

The effect of the League of Nations, its designed effect, will be to internationalise all foreign policy. That is to say, that all matters hitherto treated between the chanceries, or Foreign Offices, through the Ambassadors and Ministers resident in foreign capitals will in future be handed over to the Executive Committee and the representative delegates of the League of Nations, meeting at regular times in an agreed city, with a permanent secretariat carrying on international business in that place. What then will be left for diplomats to do? The Ambassador's occupation will be gone, and he and his expensive family of secretaries, attachés, etc., will disappear. With these facts staring us in the face, it is a remarkable instance of the recklessness with which our votes in supply are framed, that the vote for the Diplomatic Service has been increased by a very large sum.

The one outstanding fact of Mr. Churchill's Army Service Bill is that for the defence of the United Kingdom, India, Egypt, and Mesopotamia; for the Rhine occupation; and the little Eastern war which has already begun with the Russian Bolsheviks, an army of just short of a million is required. Of this force not as much as a quarter of a million men can be obtained by voluntary enlistment, even at double rate of pay. The other three-quarters of a million have to be obtained by conscription for a period of a year. That is a very grave and significant fact, and throws an ugly light on Sir Ian Hamilton's theory that Britain will always be able to get as many soldiers as she wants under the voluntary system. It also limits in a very definite and striking fashion the amount of physical support that England will be able to give to the decrees of the League of Nations. If England can only furnish 250,000 men to the international army, how many will France and America put up?

Consider, for instance, the proposal of the French with regard to the Rhine frontier. It is proposed that no forts or military establishments shall be allowed on the left bank of the Rhine, and for a zone of thirty miles on the right bank, while the French are to have the exploitation of the coalfields in the Saar basin. As an alternative to the creation of a Rhenish republic this is a good enough plan, but it will require an army of occupation to enforce its execution. Who is to furnish

that army of occupation? The Belgians and the French? They will certainly quarrel over it. Or is Rhineland to be handed over "in trust" to the League of Nations? We don't know why the idea of an autonomous Rhenish republic has been turned down, as we have seen some paper money of that Government, perhaps a little "previously" printed.

The Kiel Canal, connecting the North Sea with the Baltic, is as important as the Suez Canal. What is to be done with it? There seem to be the traditional three courses that might be adopted. 1. It might be stripped of its fortifications and dockyards and thrown open to the world as a commercial route, with Kiel, or Holtenau, at the Baltic end, a possible distributing centre. 2. It might be turned into an international non-stop corridor, like the Suez Canal; a passage where no ships are allowed to stop except for a short time to coal or repair. 3. It might be destroyed by being filled up. To the last course there would probably be almost unanimous opposition, which does not convince us that it would not be the wisest. There is reluctance, natural enough, to destroy a great engineering work, that has cost a vast sum of money. It seems Hunnish.

Nevertheless the Kiel Canal is a great danger, whether the first or the second alternative be adopted. If it is dismantled, or, rather, disarmed, and thrown open as a commercial route, great German industrial towns will cluster round it. At the Brunsbüttel end, at the mouth of the Elbe, it is close to Hamburg: Lübeck is near: Krupps have, or had, a factory hard by the Kiel end: and Holtenau or Kiel has been proposed as an emporium for the Baltic trade. Turn it into an open commercial highway, and it will become a centre of German commercial power, and we know what that means. The last plan, i.e., to make it into a non-stop corridor like the Suez Canal, internationalised, would be very difficult, because it runs through a prosperous and populous German country on both sides. It is easy to do that with the Suez Canal, because it runs between banks of sandy desert. But the south side of the Kiel Canal is occupied by Hanseatic towns, and the north side by flourishing Holstein farmers. The Danes are too timid to take over the Canal. There is a good deal to be said in favour of filling it up.

Nothing is more impressive to the student of history than the irresistible pressure of events, of facts as opposed to theories. Arguments, however cogent, speeches, however eloquent, and books, however well written, really have very little effect on men's conduct, which is shaped by happenings. Take the case of Free Trade and Protection. For the last twenty years a powerful party in Parliament, on the platform, and in the Press, led by the late Mr. Chamberlain, preached the blessings of Protection. They made little or no impression on the public mind: the answer of the electorate was given in 1906, in 1910 and 1911, and it was in favour of Free Trade. Then comes the great war, and the doubling of the cost of living, or the halving of the value of money. That has led to the doubling of the wages of the working-classes, who are beginning to see that those wages can only be kept up by a system of protective tariffs. The working-classes must become Protectionists in a very short time, converted not by arguments, but by events.

This week we had the curious spectacle of the Transport Bill being discussed by the Standing Committee upstairs while the financial resolution to provide the cash was being dealt with by a Committee of the whole House. As the resolution provided a salary of £5,000 for Sir Eric Geddes (as well as salaries and pensions *ad libitum* for the usual army of officials), Mr. Ronald McNeill was perfectly right to call attention to the transaction between "Eric, or Little by Little" and the North-Eastern Railway. The company, it appears, had contracted to pay Sir Eric £50,000 in the event of the railway being nationalised. It seems from the newspaper reports, which are never very clear nowadays, that the money has been paid, and "there's

an end on't." Verily this is the hour of the organiser! Sir Eric Geddes gets £5,000 from the State and £2,500 a year from a railway company. Who would not be a traffic manager, if he could?

As long as the Government treats votes on financial expenditure as votes of confidence, there can be no control over finance by the House of Commons. For who will bring about a ministerial crisis and possibly a general election for the sake of saving the public a few millions? The public will not thank the member for his economy, and the attacked official and the Government will turn on their Press to denounce him. However, the efforts of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. McNeill were not altogether without result. Mr. Bonar Law promised to put a competent Treasury official as a watch-dog into the new Transport department, and undertook that the expenditure of the Ministry should not exceed a million without submitting a scheme to Parliament. For what we have received let us be thankful to the independent members of the Coalition.

The Coal Commission is perhaps the most dishonest body ever dignified by royal appointment. Of the six members nominated by the Government, three were officials, who had, of course, received their instructions, and two were Mr. Sidney Webb and Sir Leo Chiozza Money, the most fanatical State Socialists to be found. As for Mr. Justice Sankey, we can only say that he did not impress us as impartial, or even ordinarily fair to the owners' witnesses. Twelve out of sixteen of the owners' witnesses were not called because there was not time to hear them! Most of the newspapers were shamelessly dishonest in their reports, and when an owners' witness took his seat at the table, the reporters laid down their pencils, and engaged in private conversation.

At the end of one of the longest and bitterest winters on record it is the fact that thousands of men, women and children, many of them sick and most of them accustomed to comfort, if not luxury, have been for a week (sometimes a fortnight) without any coal at all. Serve them right for using up their coal ration too quickly, the bureaucrat replies. But in many cases the ration has been quite insufficient to meet cases of influenza or other illness, so rife this winter, cases in which bedroom fires are necessary. But why has all this biting misery been inflicted on family life? In order that the miners might wring another 2s. a day from their employers, to be spent on "a fuller and better life," which being interpreted means eating, drinking, and amusements.

It is true that the destruction of the French coal mines and the non export of Belgian and German coal, has compelled Britain to ship to France and Italy much larger quantities of coal than before the war. But there is no doubt from the evidence given to the Commission that this might have been counterbalanced by the miners if they had chosen to bear their share of the burthen of the war by working an hour more on more days a week. Not they! They would not work enough to produce the amount of coal reckoned by the coal controller. What was it to them if men, women and children were dying of cold all round them? There was that national hero, "Bob" Smillie, telling them that now or never was the time: there were the dismissed Government underling, Sir Leo Money, and that old bird of prey, Mr. Sidney Webb, preening themselves and whetting their beaks. Mr. Clynes at Oxford told us these men were "the saviours of the country". God save us from our saviours!

The attempt on the part of the working-class leaders to stabilise wages at their present abnormal level is about as sane as it would be to nail the hand of the barometer to "set fair." Wages are absurdly high at the moment, partly because there are still some two million men in the prime of life engaged in military business; but even more because Russia and the whole of Central and Eastern Europe are withdrawn from the productive arena. When Germany, Austria, Russia,

Poland, Turkey, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Bohemia, return to their normal occupations of growing food, making commodities, and producing coal, iron and steel, the Government and the Labour Party will either have to drop wages, or to maintain them by the strictest system of Protection ever known.

There is a general impression even amongst well informed persons that prices of commodities rose as much during the Napoleonic war as they have done in this war: but it is not the fact, or anything like it. Jevons compiled a table of prices, from which it appears that taking the number 100 to represent the joint prices of forty typical commodities in 1783, they were at 98 in 1793 (when the war began), at 128 in 1796, and 110 in 1797, 142 in 1800, 151 in 1809, from which they fell slowly and steadily to 92 in 1816, the year after Waterloo. This table does not include wheat, which fluctuated widely and rapidly between £3 4s. per quarter and £5 16s. a quarter. But apart from wheat, prices were lower in the year after peace than before the war. Here, as we know, the prices of food are 200 to 250, and other prices are 150, 200, 300, and sometimes 400. These prices can never come down as long as the Government artificially keeps up wages by fixing minima.

The new Land Acquisition Bill deals three rude blows at the famous Land Clauses Consolidation Act, out of which so many parliamentary barristers (Hope-Scott, Beckett, Austin, Balfour Browne, Cripps) have made fortunes. Compensation for compulsory sale and severance is abolished; the seller is only to be allowed to be represented by counsel or solicitor by the permission of the official valuer; and only one expert witness is to be permitted on each side. It is all very well for the *Westminster Gazette* and a certain type of Radical to exclaim against the purchase of land at its present inflated value. All values are inflated just now, and the *Westminster Gazette* has nothing to say against miners and railway men selling their labour at the present very inflated level of wages. An owner is entitled to be paid the market value of his property, whether the market be high or low.

It is astonishing how political bias will blind men's reason. Suppose it was a question of buying, not land, but stocks or shares. Would *The Westminster Gazette* say that instead of taking the present Stock Exchange quotation, a hunt should be made in an old list to pick out a time when the market was depressed? When the Government bought the American securities of shareholders, they paid the price of the day. It may, however, soothe the feelings of our contemporary to remember that on Lord D'Abernon's authority money has depreciated 50 per cent., so that the hated landlord will not make so much after all, not more than he would have made if he had sold in pre-war days. In connection with this depreciation of money, it may be necessary to protect the debtors by legislation. If a man, who borrowed £1,000 before the war, were now called on to pay, he would have to sell securities to the tune of at least £1,300, possibly £1,400, to pay his debt. This is a great hardship, and we wonder it has escaped notice. All gilt-edged securities, except war loans, have depreciated 30 to 40 per cent.

The clear and cogent speech of Major Wood, M.P., to the farmers at York shows the artificial economic condition into which the country has drifted, a condition in which each industry in turn comes to the State to be "kept up." The central bureaucracy in London fixes a high minimum wage for the agricultural labourer. That the farmer may be enabled to pay this wage and still make a reasonable profit out of his produce, he must get a guaranteed price for his produce, Major Wood says, for two or three years to come. "At present the prices at which they sold their produce were likely to go down, unless the Government did something to keep them up." If Major Wood will believe us, the margin between cost of production and market price ought, in a healthy State, to be regulated by the free play of supply and demand, the natural basic law of all sound economics. But first the miners, then the railway men, then the farmers, then the steel

manufacturers, then the bootmakers, come to the State to be "kept up"; and as the State is after all composed of the people who ask to be "kept up," it is a case of dog eating dog. There can be no fall of prices whilst this goes on until prices fall in a general bankruptcy.

The blackest spot in the industrial situation is the distribution of unemployment doles, which is demoralising the whole country. The only justification for these "donations" would be their strict limitation to demobilised soldiers and their families, and perhaps to women suddenly dismissed from munition factories. In fact, these donations are given to all unemployed persons, to hundreds of thousands of men and women who have nothing to do with the war. Domestic servants, agricultural labourers, chauffeurs, laundresses, throw up their places gaily, and go to Sir Robert Horne for strike pay. The Durham County Agricultural Committee point out that they have tried in vain to get pivotal men back to the farms, while an employment exchange in the neighbourhood is paying £15,000 a week in unemployment donations. We know a gentleman who dismissed a pantry-boy for idleness, and who was applied to a few days later by an employment exchange for his character! Without delay an H.M.G. party must be formed. Let Sir Robert Horne be given an "unemployment donation," any figure you like, a thousand a week, and the nation would save money.

Owing to our failure to obtain a Whitaker's Almanack for 1919, we described last week the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue as Sir Edmund Nott-Bower. That gentleman retired from the position last year, and the Chairman is now the former deputy-chairman, Mr. N. Warren Fisher. Our attack was in no sense personal, and as Mr. Warren Fisher is both an amiable and an able official we feel sure that he will promptly direct his attention to the administrative scandal of the Claims (Abatement) Branch of the Inland Revenue at Australia House, Kingsway.

Colonel Claude Lowther had the good sense not to repeat in the House of Commons the fairy figures of his famous memorandum. Ridicule is after all the best corrector of folly. But Mr. Bonar Law did not altogether let him off, and easily disposed of the insane suggestions that the total interest on Germany's internal debt should be transferred to this country, and that Germany could be run on an expenditure of £40,000,000 a year. The proposal that a considerable sum could be paid in German labour was derided by asking whether France or Belgium would tolerate the presence of some 20,000,000 German workmen. There are only two ways in which one country can pay another, by the export of goods and the export of securities. Is it proposed that we should import huge quantities of German goods and German stocks and shares? The most sensible remark in the debate was made by Mr. A. L. Samuel, M.P. for Eye, that war was a bad bargain, in which a wise man cut his loss as soon as he could.

Mr. Harold Begbie is one of the few literary journalists on the daily press, and he has employed all his art in the attempt to envelope the ex-Kaiser in a cloud of romance and sympathy. The articles in the *Daily Chronicle*, while exciting our admiration for the artist, left us cold with regard to his subject. The Kaiser's choosing the morning hymns and joining eagerly in the family prayers merely increase our wonder at the bottomless hypocrisy which seems a monopoly of monarchs. If we were at all inclined to be touched by the picture of William with white beard sitting opposite his wife by the fire we have only to think of the events of the last four years. Edith Cavell, by the way, seems to have been the victim of a drunken German general! The Kaiser forgets that the whole story has been chronicled in detail by Mr. Gibson, the American Secretary of Legation. To throw the whole blame of the war on Russia is too clever by half, and can only raise a smile. The Kaiser is naturally contemptuous of the papers, but very anxious to know what the upper world in England think about him.

THE NEW ARMY BILL.

THE opposition to the Military Service Bill by the Labour Party and a section of Radicals falls under three heads: opposition to compulsory service as such; opposition to Parliament's parting with its control of the Army; and opposition to the rate of pay. We cannot say that any one of these grounds of opposition appears to us even respectable: on the contrary, each and all indicate a lack of imagination and a failure to grasp the facts of the world-situation which, after the experience of the war, strike us with dismay. Let us take the almost fanatical opposition to compulsion, and the heady enthusiasm for the voluntary principle. Four and a half years ago we despatched a force of 80,000 men to help to fight an advancing army of some 4,000,000 men. Is that experience nothing? That was the result of the voluntary system. It is depressing to the last degree to find that the war has taught our working classes nothing, and that they are only too eager to fall back into the old routine; no national service, but wages and hours, and hours and wages. Mr. Clynes, intelligent as he is, no doubt represented accurately enough the opinions of the working classes, even while he reduced the whole debate to a low level. British working men, he told us, will submit to compulsory service, and will fight for a shilling a day, when the enemy is in sight of, or threatening, our shores. When the danger of invasion is past they will not be compelled to remain with the colours, and if they are to remain voluntarily, you must pay them more! Apart from the fact that their pay has already been doubled, that is not exactly the tone of an imperial people. It argues a total lack of imagination, a total deficiency of the power of looking beyond their noses, and a blank ignorance of the state of Europe. As Mr. Churchill pointed out in his graphic way, a line of acute danger runs from the White Sea to the Caspian Sea, while Central Europe is a seething cauldron of anarchy. As for the argument of Major Hayward and several other Radicals, that there is no danger, that voluntary recruiting can be tried for many months to come, and that Parliament must not entrust the War Office with so much power, it seems to us pedantry run mad, and reminds us of the conduct of the Council at Byzantium who disputed on the meaning of a text in the New Testament when Mahomet and his Turks were thundering at the gates. There is no time to try what voluntary recruiting may do in the course of months: we must act here and now. As for the control of Parliament, "a fido for the phrase!" There is but one sentence in the speech of Mr. G. Thorne, who moved the amendment to the third reading, with which we agree: viz., "the so-called vital necessity for the Bill ought to have been known weeks and months before the General Election; but only when the election was entirely over was the alleged necessity sprung upon the nation."

Nearly all the difficulty which Mr. Churchill has encountered in getting his Bill through is due to the election pledges of the Prime Minister and himself. Not to go back to ancient history, or even to Waterloo, there was the experience of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1 to guide them. The Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for War, with all their clever secretaries, must have been reminded that a German army of occupation remained in Eastern France until the indemnity was paid. The treaties of Paris and Frankfurt (1871) are not such very recondite documents. Mr. Churchill has admitted his fault, which is just what he did in 1906 about Chinese labour. We warn Mr. Churchill that he is no longer a boy. Things that are pardonable, laughable, or even attractive, in a politician's salad days grow grave and wearisome in his meridian. Mr. Churchill must not go through another General Election making promises or bringing charges which he afterwards retracts. The more serious Mr. Churchill makes the European situation to be, the more inexcusable does his ignorance or failure of foresight appear. In truth his very vigorous and lucid speech on Tuesday was an indictment of himself. He swept Europe from Archangel to Constantinople

with an eagle eye, and saw danger everywhere. The War Secretary tells us that we want an army of 890,000 men, and that, having tried double pay, he cannot get a quarter of that number by voluntary recruiting. At great cost to the State, 70,000 new recruits have been obtained, and 6,000 men of the Army on the Rhine have signed on for another year. The net cost Mr. Churchill makes out to be £203,000,000, and assuming that we recover from Germany £70,000,000 for the cost of occupation, the figure is reduced to £133,000,000. The cost does not seem to us excessive: the army is necessary if we are to retain our Empire, and to enforce the terms of Peace. The objections on the ground of expense are merely impudent from the Labour Members, who are praising the expenditure of £30,000,000 a year on miners' wages, and £1,000,000 a week in supplying loafers with strike pay, in addition to countless millions on education, transport and housing schemes. If the men cannot be got by the voluntary system, they must be got by compulsion, unless you deny the necessity. Can anybody deny it who reads Mr. Churchill's speech? What is the use of running up a debt of eight thousand millions, and suffering some eight hundred thousand casualties, if you will not take the necessary steps to wind up the business? Mr. Churchill showed courage and shrewdness in facing a copious, if contemptible, opposition, and his speech on the third reading was that of a statesman surveying the facts of the world. Had the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for War made speeches of that tenour during the election, they might have lost a few seats, though that we doubt. But they would not have incurred the danger of raising false hopes, or exposed themselves to the exasperatingly true charges of inconsistency.

From all the accounts that reach us, the British army on the Rhine is enjoying itself thoroughly, both officers and men finding much to amuse and interest them in Cologne and the neighbouring towns. It is therefore probable that, as time passes, Mr. Churchill will get more voluntary recruits than he anticipated.

MIDDLE-CLASS EMANCIPATION.

A CONTEMPORARY, deploring the formation of a Middle-class Union to counter the "rapacity" of the manual worker on the one hand and the exactions of the "profiteer" on the other, concludes: "We must aim at solidarity and fusion rather than at objects which could end only in disintegration." We hold no brief for the Middle-class Union, or for any other, but anyone moving in the busy world of facts must perceive the necessity of safeguarding the interests indicated. The meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel shows that, whether deplorable or not, an immense number of English people will no longer tolerate rapacity, from whatever source.

It would be pedantic to insist on a rigid definition of the English middle-class: a cynic might assert that it comprises those who do most of the country's work and who never complain. This statement means the professional, official, and commercial workers, and, with this amplification, the cynic is right. The fact that such workers have rendered invaluable service to the country constitutes their chief claim to attention to-day. Since the time of the Tudors, when this class emerged from the ruins of feudalism, it has been foremost in trade and Colonial expansion; a long line of representative Englishmen—statesmen, seamen, merchants, philosophers, authors, divines—has been bred in its traditions; it saved the country during the Napoleonic wars by its vigorous support of Pitt; and for its pains in upholding the national cause now, it is threatened with extinction. With the collapse of Russia visible to all, a collapse due not so much to treachery and inefficiency as to the lack of a middle-class, the cause of that class in this country is invested with tremendous significance. Its strong instinct of order, its sane outlook on life, its horror of debt and extravagance, its knowledge of affairs, its experience in business, make a country fortunate in such a possession. As a class, it has no quarrel with aristocracy;

it has often initiated measures for the direct benefit of the manual labourers. Its thrift supports churches and charities; one turns to it instinctively for the recruitment of strength and wisdom in the national life. The vast amount of unpaid war work undertaken by the middle-class furnishes a record of unobtrusive patriotism, to say nothing of burdens cheerfully borne, of sacrifices voluntarily made.

What of the future? There need be no illusions about the past, and this age is probably no worse than any other. Yet any honest critic must avow that prevalent tendencies, if unchallenged, may injure and ultimately destroy our national character. We mean that the spirit of covetousness is rampant: Proudhon's maxim, *La propriété; c'est le vol*, is the starting-point of the Bolshevik creed. There is, too, a false notion of equality, for, as Johnson remarks of Milton's Defence of the People, "He who told every man that he was equal to his King could hardly want an audience," while Salmasius, Milton's controversial opponent, "taught only the stale doctrine of authority, and the unpleasing duty of submission." Laziness is popular, and State interference is invoked as a panacea. The cry for leisure and intellectual recreation for the manual labourers may degenerate into mere cant: cases are numerous where shortened hours for manual labour have resulted in overtime work, the whole being so grossly overpaid and unsupervised as to exceed the salaries paid to the technical or administrative staff of a business! The improvidence of munition workers became proverbial; many of these, earning fabulous wages, omitted, through greed or ignorance, to effect life assurance, and others cheated the State by avoiding assessment for income tax. The application of such facts to the middle-class is obvious. If the old attachment between master and servant is gone, and the nexus is to be purely a cash one, then efficiency is imperative. The public want no obsequiousness from porters, taxi-drivers, and retail tradesmen, but mere civility and attention. They are paying highly for rudeness.

The middle classes are not ardent politicians, since their rights have been neglected by all parties, but they are now determined to be heard, and no vapourings from strikers or rebels can deter them. If they do not organise now, apathy could never be more fatal. Their claims are just—all rights are founded on duties fulfilled. If they act with courage and determination, they may succeed in resuscitating what was once one of the country's best assets—a flourishing middle-class.

ON OSCULATION.

"ARE you an expert in kissing?" asked Mr. Carson in the old days of a hansom-cabby, who testified that he had witnessed the operation through the roof-trap of his cab. "Really, Mr. Carson, really," frowned Sir Francis Jeune, aghast at such levity in his Court. But kissing, like a joke in the mouth of Lord Lauderdale, is no laughing matter. Most of the important events in the world, religious, moral, pecuniary, and legal, are the consequence of a kiss.

First and foremost, in a class all by itself, there is the kiss of Judas Iscariot. Horace Walpole has white-washed Richard III; Mr. H. B. Irving has white-washed Judge Jeffreys. More daring than either, De Quincey has attempted to whitewash Judas Iscariot, who, according to his theory was not a traitor but a miscalculating politician. Iscariot was a Jewish Nationalist, who wished Christ to be arrested, in order that the Jewish mob might rise, and the Roman Government, after the usual fluttering between coercion and conciliation, be driven to grant Home Rule. He never believed that the magistrate would allow his Prisoner to be crucified, and the event so confounded him that he committed suicide. Such is De Quincey's theory. But what has always puzzled us about the story is why it should have been necessary for the Scribes and Pharisees to hire Iscariot with thirty pieces of silver (which De Quincey tells us were

the equivalent of ninety guineas), to identify the person of Christ. We should have thought His person was as well known to the Jewish leaders in Jerusalem as Parnell's appearance in Dublin or Lloyd George's in London, if we may say so without irreverence. Whether Judas Iscariot was the blackest of traitors or a misguided patriot we will not attempt to determine. One thing is indisputable, that the kiss decided the religious destiny of mankind. The Judas kiss has passed into a proverb of turpitude.

Happily, this black and bitter osculation stands in a category by itself. The more pleasant, and less consequential, osculations may be divided into three classes, viz.: 1. The amatory kiss. 2. The ceremonious kiss. 3. The perfunctory kiss.

1. Of amatory kissing there is no end in the poets. Between ordinary lovers, kissing takes the place of conversation, as a walk in Hyde Park will confirm. "Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss," says Rosalind. But the choice and master kisser of his age, indeed of all ages, is Romeo. He begins by kissing Juliet in the ballroom, which the young lady does not seem to mind, for she says, pertly enough, "You kiss by the book." But the real kiss, the one that mattered, that "sucked the honey of the breath," is reserved for that exquisite night scene on the balcony:

"Farewell, farewell, one kiss and I'll descend."

And then Shakespeare, in one of the highest and most daring reaches of his art, uses the kiss to close the tragedy of the tomb.

"Eyes look your last!

Arms take your last embrace! And lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Thus with a kiss I die."

Very different, we may be sure, were the kisses that passed between Antony and Cleopatra. Antony was the regular woman's man, the great hulking soldier, who would lose an empire for a kiss, and who thought himself repaid for the rage and shame of Actium by the gipsy's lips. In the middle of his railing and pathetic reproaches,

"Egypt, thou know'st too well,

My heart was to thy rudder tied with strings,
And thou should'st tow me after,"

he breaks off with a laugh, and says, "Give me a kiss; even this repays me." On the embraces of "the hotter hours unregistered in vulgar fame" we need not dwell. They are the one universal pastime of the men and women of all nationalities.

2. The ceremonious kiss is like to be killed by the manners of democracy. "I kiss the hand, noble lady or sir," was the common form of greeting in South Germany and Austria by an inferior to a superior. Probably in these times the magnates of Hungary will kiss the hand of the Bolshevik peasant. But it is, perhaps, not known that in the eighteenth century Englishmen of rank and fashion greeted one another with a kiss on each cheek. Bentham, a middle-class man of letters, was astonished on arriving at Bowood to be kissed by Lord Shelburne. Writing to his friend Wilson, the philosopher humorously narrates that "when my lord came in, he ran up to me, and touched one of my cheeks with his, and then the other. I was even satisfied with it, since he meant it kindly, and since such, I suppose, is the fashion; but I should have been still better satisfied if he had made either of the ladies his proxy." This cheek-touching is still the mode in which kings and emperors greet when they meet; but as there are no more emperors and only five kings left, it will probably fall into desuetude. There is still "the kissing of hands" on becoming a Privy Councillor or Minister of State. We have only once approached the person of our Sovereign, and then we were instructed to simply bow, not quite so low as Lord Chatham, whose hook-nose was said by wags to be visible between his legs from behind. But we have been told that the kissing of hands is a sham, a mere bending of the head over the royal hand, and a mumbling of the lips in the air. There is, however, a

very real and to our notion an unpleasant hand-kissing that is observed in Sweden, most ceremonious of countries. Immediately after a meal, and before the hostess has risen from the table, every guest is expected to kiss her hand and thank her for the food still lingering on his lips.

3. The perfunctory kiss is what is called in the law courts and the newspapers "the chaste, or sacred, salute" from father to children, but might more accurately be described as the parental peck. Boys and young men hate being pecked by their father, and even by their sisters, though the mother is different—she is in a class apart. But do girls like being pecked by their brothers? We doubt it. Then there is the conjugal and cold peck between long-wedded couples. Sometimes the coldness is only on the side of the wife:

"Affection in a lover's glorious;
But in a husband is pronounc'd uxorious."

Cold, we may imagine, was the kiss imprinted on the brow of Sir Leicester Dedlock by my lady. But sometimes the coldness is on the other side. Mr. Casaubon's peck at the cheek of Dorothea must have stabbed like an icicle: in those cases, sooner or later, a Ladislaw appears.

But there is one form of kiss that is bound to survive and multiply in these democratic days—the resounding smacking buss.

"Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf!
Come buss me; I'll be Mrs. Twitcher myself."

What is the American, Canadian, Australian, or Cockney word for buss we do not know: but the thing will wax in the land, so long as King Demos rules in Wapping Town and other pleasant places.

TROUBLE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

THE exasperated Briton, bemoaning the minor discomforts caused by the war, may possibly find consolation in the thought that his sufferings have been shared by men of many countries and at all times. In the works of Dr. Wallis Budge on the history and literature of the Egyptians—to which I am indebted for the following information—are to be found utterances by wise men of the ancient East, Carlyles of 4500 years ago giving vent to their Thoughts on Our Present Discontents, which are simply old-world anticipations of our grievances and grumblings in England to-day. In making a selection of their pithy sayings I have omitted tiresome quotation-marks as far as possible; certain of our less obvious modern equivalents of woe are given in parentheses. One Ankhu, a priest of Heliopolis under an early dynasty, remarks very truly that men of one generation are very much like those of another, and have all done and said the same kind of things; and he and an unnamed melancholy man, who is only deterred from committing suicide by the fear that nobody will give him decent funerary rites, prove this proposition by uniting in fierce denunciation of the Sins of Society after the best manner of Father Bernard Vaughan. Both of them recognise that the would-be reformer is an exceedingly unpopular person, but agree that the whole country is going to destruction. Disease is continual, they say: injustice is in the Council Hall, the plans of the gods are upset. Every one is suffering from wrong-doing and the seizure of their goods—largely, it would seem, through some primitive form of "Dora" established on the banks of the Nile. The rights of property are disregarded; the guardians of houses say: "Let us go and steal." All respect of persons is banished: hearts are bowed in grief. No man is content with what he hath; he who giveth orders is like unto the man to whom orders are given (Labour M.P.'s in the Cabinet, no doubt) and their hearts are well pleased. Though all the country is full of unrest, none will speak about it—which is hardly the case in our day. To hold the tongue about what one heareth is agony (yet "Dora" insists on our doing so): if one protests against what is said, the result is hatred. The only words which any man will

now listen to are his own. Everyone believes in his own. . . Truth hath forsaken speech altogether.

Another writer, called Apuur, tells us that the righteous man grieveth because of what hath taken place in the country. The snarers of birds have formed themselves into armed bands (sparrow clubs are now reported to be destroying our wild bird-life). Poor men have gotten costly goods, and the man who was unable to make his own sandals is a possessor of wealth. Noble ladies go hungry; the rich have become poor, and the poor rich. The gentle-folk weep; the simple folk are glad and say: "Come, let us blot out those who have power and possessions among us." Everyone is clad in dirty garments: people lack clothes, unguents, and oil. Every man saith: "There is none." The towns are destroyed: the boats of the peoples of the South have failed to arrive (those confounded Zeppelins and submarines again). Nevertheless, with all this going on, upon the necks of the women hang ornaments of gold, silver, lapis-lazuli, turquoise, &c., &c. There is good food everywhere, yet mistresses of houses say, "Would that we had something to eat." (Compulsory rationing by some early Joseph, probably). Groaning and lamentation are everywhere. The hair hath fallen out of the head of every man. A gentleman cannot be distinguished from a nobody. Female slaves speak as they like, and when their mistress commandeth, they are aggrieved. The meek man goeth to ground; the man of gracious countenance is wretched, and the audacious man maketh his way into all places. Documents have been filched from their august chambers: the secrets of the Kings of the South and the North have been revealed (publication of Allies' secret treaties by Trotsky).

Apuur next, in a series of five brief exhortations, entreats his hearers to take action of some sort—just as we do now, except that our exhortations are seldom brief. The shortcomings of the clergy (the failure of the Churches, as we say) and the slackness of religious observance, are duly condemned. Men are bidden to burn incense and pour out libations each morning, to offer various kinds of geese to the gods, and to make white (not standard) bread. The sage also indulges in some rather rash Limehousing, in the presence of the King and his Court, about the goings-on of Society and the governing classes; but towards the end he adopts a more hopeful, Mark Tapley sort of tone. Just as the modern optimist may be heard to exclaim, "Oh, if only we could get rid of this wretched Government!" so Apuur foretells a time when wickedness and corruption shall be done away, and the land be ruled by a just ruler. There is a good king coming who will restore order and prosperity to the land. He is to make cool that which is hot, and soothe tempers unduly inflamed. He is to be the shepherd of mankind, having no evil in his heart.

Leaving the Wilson-like idealism of Apuur, we find that in warfare Usertsen III, a sort of Egyptian All-Highest, was a firm believer in the efficacy of frightfulness. His attack is quick, and pressed home with all his might; his wrath is implacable, and to his enemies he is merciless. To show mercy is a sign of weakness, which the enemy regards as cowardice, and only prolongs the conflict. Being at war with the Nubians, and having invaded their country, deported their women, bullied and fleeced the inhabitants, he pours contempt upon the fighting qualities of his foes. Meet their attack boldly, he says, and they will run away; they have no courage, and are miserable and feeble creatures; nothing but stupid animals without sense and without intelligence—quite a "contemptible little army," in short. 'Tis a mad world, my masters; and, as Ankhu justly observes, there is nothing new under the sun.

ENGLISH OPERA IN EXCELSIS.

THE work of "The Sir Thomas Beecham Grand Opera Company" is so good that we cannot help wishing it were a trifle less variable, or, shall we say? a point or two nearer the top line in all-round

average quality. It continues to receive the highest praise both from the press and the public; but, as we have said before, that gratifying result may generally be expected when an artistic institution itself creates the standard by which its exhibitions are measured. It is only by judging and criticising from the highest reasonable level that enterprises like this can be helped to obtain the requisite degree of consistent excellence compelled by the ambitious nature of their labours. Speaking from this standpoint, we have no hesitation in saying that the Beecham Company has distinctly improved since last year. Not that the singing is any better or that the voices themselves have grown finer. And how should this be so, seeing that the personnel of the troupe remains practically if not identically the same? But the enunciation as a rule is more distinct; the acting has become more forceful, more intelligent, less stiff and mechanical; the young people have learned how to play into each others' hands, and the ensemble as a whole shows greater smoothness, more efficient working.

Nevertheless it varies. Especially noticeable are the differences in the degrees of merit evinced by the chorus and the orchestra—differences which would appear to depend entirely upon who happens to be conducting. When it is Sir Thomas Beecham everybody is alive and alert. The chorus, which always sings well, takes extra pains with its acting and condescends to put in a little facial expression, even an appropriate gesture, here and there. The band, excited as a pack of harriers when the chief huntsman arrives upon the scene, simply lets itself go at the smallest chance, plays beautifully, of course, and in anything approaching a *fortissimo* passage completely overwhelms the singer or singers. (Our seat is in the immediate vicinity of the tympani, so we ought to know; indeed, we became well aware of it on the opening night, thanks to the heavy scoring of that clever mélange, 'The Boatswain's Mate'). Sir Thomas can easily extract the last ounce from his forces; he knows how to do it and has the necessary authority; hence the fact that under his leadership they sin by excessive loudness and over-accentuation. Enter the assistant conductors and the conditions change. The wonderful choruses in 'Boris Godounov' ring out sonorously from the lips of a dull and lifeless Muscovite *bourgeoisie*. The pæan of victory sung by the Egyptian populace in the second act of 'Aida' sounds like a funeral hymn, and the dances in honour of Radamès and his triumphant host are put to shame by the grandeur and sweep of Verdi's inspired strains. On the other hand, both the Messrs. Goossens, *père et fils*, take good care, when there are solo voices to be heard, that they shall be heard, not lost amid the din of the orchestration.

The giver of the feast should observe these things for himself when he occupies a private box on the nights when he is not conducting. If at the same time he could view with greater detachment the effect of the comic scenes in certain operas he would, we fancy, better appreciate our opinion that the general tendency of this company is to broaden all its comedy into absolute farce. It cannot be claimed that such methods are artistic, and the trouble is that they are always most conspicuous when Sir Thomas himself holds the bâton. They are well enough, of course, in delightful pantomimic fantasies like 'Le Coq d'Or,' or even in 'Phœbus and Pan,' but we still find them sadly out of place in the immortal comedy of Beaumarchais. And what happened to 'The Marriage of Figaro' now also threatens 'Louise'; for whereas the meaning of the night episodes at Montmartre is distinctly enhanced by the picturesque delineation of the Noctambulist now given by Mr. Frank Mullings, the former charm of the workshop scene—its quaint atmosphere of the Parisian *grisette* hovering between tender romance and boisterous gaiety—has become so utterly farcical that the realism of Charpentier can no longer be associated with any imaginable aspect of Paris life. Such young women and such milliners' ateliers are frankly impossible. Still, we would put up with more than this for the sake of hearing Mr. Radford in the part of the Father. In its simple, moving pathos

and rare vocal tenderness it recalls more than ever the great performance of Gilibert.

Generally speaking, however, the season at Drury Lane so far has aroused quite an extraordinary measure of interest, and some of the representations, despite their blemishes, have fairly earned the praise that they have evoked. What is of equal importance, the choice of operas indicates a creditable taste on the part of the management, while the public response shows the popularity of Mozart to be on a happy level with that of Wagner and Puccini. The individual accomplishments of some of the artists deserve a recognition that we cannot spare the space for. But in the way of actual novelty there has been little or nothing to call for notice.

Amidst the avalanche of concerts going on during the past fortnight there have been some which had features of value. Prominent therein was the new piano and violin sonata of Sir Edward Elgar, which Mr. W. H. Reed introduced at his concert and played with Mr. Landon Ronald. It is a clear, straightforward work, graceful in design and rich in melodic beauty, therefore welcome in every sense. Such contributions to native musical literature are doubly significant when contrasted with the kind of stuff that the Philharmonic String Quartet provided a few nights later—notably such examples of deliberate 'eccentricity' as the MS. quintet for piano and strings by E. Goossens, Jr., not to mention the Stravinsky pieces, the repetition whereof seemed like adding insult to injury. On the other hand, the quartet by Scontrino proved to be a highly ingenious and interesting work. Another chamber novelty that should be heard again is the set of 'Three Mædonian Sketches' for violin and piano by J. R. Heath, which Miss Daisy Kennedy and Mr. Moiseiwitsch brought forward at their pleasant sonata recital on Saturday. Coming between such giants as the Brahms in D minor and the 'Kreutzer,' they nevertheless made their mark; and all in turn were admirably played. On the same afternoon Miss Zoia Rosowsky gave at the Æolian Hall another of her commendably short but attractive vocal recitals. We heard her in her selection of French pieces, including 'Des Fleurs,' by Debussy, and 'Guitares et Mandolines,' by Grovlez, which she gave with much *élan*. But her best effort by far was her delivery, to the original Hebrew text, of the arrangement by Ravel of the mourners' 'Kaddisch,' an example of genuine Israelitish chanting remarkable alike for its purity of tone and its intense racial expressiveness.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Even tho' love were done, shall we complain
If in the world there's hidden loveliness
Born of that love, and not a lost caress
But makes us poorer to the common gain?
This beauty may adorn with deeper stain
The cool first jonquil, or with light redress
The vision of a star, and thus confess
That love, though lost, is never lost in vain.
And if for others we have lit this flame,
While us the gloom invests of dying embers,
Being so separate, your heart remembers,
As mine, the world before the wonder came,
For that sweet change we spent our hearts in heaven,
Thus briefly won, thus lost, and thus forgiven.

CORRESPONDENCE

NATIONALISATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Have the Nationalisers in general and the Land Nationalisers in particular any understanding of the danger of the two-edged weapon with which they so delightedly play? Are they aware that nationalisation opens up questions of national right besides which the thorniest problems which have exercised the Peace Conference pale almost into insignificance?

The right of national property depends upon the right of private property—deny the one and you impeach the other.

If a man has no right to own land, then five men or five hundred or five million have no right to ownership either, since nothing multiplied by five or five millions is still nothing. This truth is not affected by the fact that an aggregation of five million men may style themselves, and be styled, "a nation," and may assume to arrogate the right to confer on themselves an indefeasible title. In other words, if the Duke of Westminster has no right to own, say, 30,000 acres, then 5,000,000 white monopolists in Australia have no right to control 3,000,000 square miles and forbid all access to a vast continent, mostly uncultivated, to 500,000,000 of Asiatics, nearly all of them on the verge of starvation. A bad thing does not become good because a large number of men do it, especially if a still larger number of men suffer by it, and if the "monopoly" of, say, 500,000 owners of land in the British Isles is harmful to 40,000,000 Britons, the monopoly claimed by 5,000,000 Australians over a whole continent is even more harmful and hateful to the submerged seven-tenths of the great human family—to the coloured races, that is, of mankind.

From the standpoint of Indian, Japanese and Chinese intellectuals, the claim of the five million monopolists in Australia is defective historically, and is grossly inequitable as against the needs and the land hunger of five hundred millions of Asiatics. Let our Socialists ponder over this, and let them recognise that, as soon as we begin to ignore prescription and deny the rights of property, we open the floodgates of revolution in Asia and Africa and invite a deluge under which European ascendancy and European civilisation would finally and irrevocably disappear. "Possession," we are told, "is nine points of the law," and it is prescription which gives sanctity to possession—destroy prescription, and no man, nor corporation, nor aggregation of men styled a "nation," can have any rights of ownership as against the rest of the great human community.

Nationalisation is an attractive and alluring term, but has anybody ever thought out what it really means, or recognised that, having once started on this system, it will be extremely difficult to stop? Are we prepared, I ask, to nationalise the land of South Africa for the benefit of the whole South African community? Are we prepared to allow the Egyptians to nationalise their railways and public works on terms which appear suitable to themselves? Are we prepared to allow the Chinese to nationalise "all the means of production" and to get rid of that terrible incubus, the foreign concessionaire?

Empires in their very essence are anti-national, and the less British Imperialists talk about "nationalisation," the better it will be for the preservation of their ideals.

Yours faithfully,
C. F. RYDER.

Scarcroft, near Leeds,
March 31st, 1919.

WHERE IS THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Recently, in your correspondence columns, someone with antiquarian tastes asked what has become of the Primrose League. The reply was that it is now usefully though humbly engaged in providing buns for soldiers.

As these enquiries appear to elicit unexpected information may I, who recently have been out of touch with English politics, trespass on your space to ask: what has become of the Conservative Party?

The question is inspired by a glance into Whitaker, where at page 163 is a list headed by the Liberals. These, judging by the space allotted, are as strong, very nearly, as all the others put together—which must be very gratifying to Mr. Asquith. But among the nine political parties enumerated the Conservative Party does not find a place. Either it is talking, or it

is pursuing, or it is on a journey, or peradventure it sleepeth and must be awakened. Or, may be, it is

"Wandering between two worlds—one dead, The other powerless to be born."

Is it—I should like to print this question in invisible ink—is it dead? If so, what killed it, where is its grave, and where may I find its obituary notice?

Yours truly,
H. F. B.

28th March, 1919.

THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The Primrose League, according to one of its members who wrote in your columns last week, was founded largely by Lord Randolph Churchill. I always understood that my friend the late and most learned Sir George Birdwood was the founder. He certainly told me so, in the intervals of supplying recipes for longevity and black tulips and other strange lore from his extraordinarily versatile mind.

Further, he put the claim in print, for 'Who's Who' for 1909, includes among his other distinctions: "With assistance of late Prof. Chenery and others founded the Primrose League."

Mr. Disraeli, or rather the Earl of Beaconsfield, spoke in 1879 of "Imperium et Libertas," as due to "one of the greatest of the Romans." I know nothing about Lord Clarendon, from whom, according to your correspondent, Beaconsfield derived the motto; but I have been looking for that Roman for some years. "Non est inventus," which, I hasten to add, does not mean in this context, "He was not invented."

Yours faithfully,
VERNON RENDALL.

THE FAILURE OF CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—So Catholic is THE SATURDAY REVIEW, that the comment on your leading article on p. 296 is in large part supplied on pp. 300 and 304 of the same issue! Christianity saved the old world from the moral consequences of the wreck of mythology. "It has failed and is dead," that is, it is not so efficient as it was. "It never was," replied Burnand. And a deeper study would, I think, convince you of the truth of this remark in the case of Christianity, whether it was true of *Punch* or not. "He saw" Christianity "not as it most wonderfully was, but as he would have it. . . 'Christianity,' he cried, 'has the makings of efficiency.'" After all, to see Christianity "as it most wonderfully is," is to see Christ at the right hand of God, where "poets and simply decent persons" look for it. I hardly know what greater evidence of efficiency you need than that, or where else you expect to find it.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
F. J. BADCOCK.

St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.
March 31st, 1919.

LITURGICAL COLOURS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your review of an elaborate and expensive work on "English Liturgical Colours," published by the S.P.C.K., prompts one to ask whether that great and venerable Society has nothing better to offer the public in the way of Christian knowledge than antiquarian trivialities of this kind. Such a book, costing 25s., cannot, of course, pay its expenses. Has the Society money to throw away on idle dilettantism?

I am, sir, yours faithfully,
C. L. D.

April 1st, 1919.

WHEN IS A BISHOP NOT A BISHOP?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The Bishop of Oxford has signified his intention of resigning his See because after seventeen years he has had enough of bishopping, and wishes to devote

his time, in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, to preaching and writing books. Such are Dr. Gore's own reasons, on which it is not my intention to comment. What I do want to know is whether a Bishop, who resigns or retires from his See, is legally entitled to use the style and title of bishop. A judge, when he retires from the bench, ceases to be styled Lord Justice or Mr. Justice, and becomes Sir John or Sir Robert Jones: he is *functus officio*: and with his office he drops his official style and dignity. Ought not a bishop to do the same? I observe that a former bishop of North Queensland, who writes a good deal to papers and periodicals, styles himself Bishop Frodsham. Does Dr. Gore, who wishes to preach and write more freely and frequently than he can do now, intend to call himself Bishop Gore? It seems to me that a divine, no more than a layman, cannot have it both ways: that is, he cannot enjoy the style and dignity of a prelate (a much my-lorded rank), and at the same time enjoy the comparative leisure of a benefited clergyman and his freedom from responsibility. I am not attacking the Bishop of Oxford, as I don't know what his intentions may be. I am raising a general question which concerns many people besides Dr. Gore and Dr. Frodsham.

I am, sir, yours obediently,
LAICUS.

THE "SANCTA SOPHIA" MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me to mention in your columns some important considerations arising out of the movement for "restoring to Christendom" the basilica of the "Hagia Sophia" in Constantinople? There is danger lest people jump to conclusions hastily without envisaging all the bearings of an agitation. For example, could anything seem more just, at first sight, than the proposal that this basilica, taken forcibly by the Mohammedans 460 years ago, and altered to suit their worship, should, after our victorious war against the Turks, be restored "to the Greek Patriarch"? Consider, however:—

Is it proposed to restore the building to "the Greek Patriarch" actually and only, or "to Christendom"? There is obviously the world of difference between the two ideas. The eastern Churches, of course, are not one solid body like the Latin Churches, but are split into different Churches, some in communion with Rome. If the basilica be given "to the Greek Patriarch," it will not be thus given "to Christendom," but only to a minority thereof. Is it, however, to be "shared"? This, though awkward, would neither be unprecedented nor unfair.

But again:—Is the restoration to be done as an act of force, symbolic of Christian military triumph; or are the motives of action simply that the restoration would be right or just? If the former motive, then surely such an act is most undesirable, as tending to make Christianity seem identified with the "mailed fist." If the latter, however, then will not some strange questions arise? To mention only one, for example: Could not Roman Catholics, as regards logic and abstract justice, advance as arguable a claim to Westminster Abbey as the "Greek Patriarch" to Sancta Sophia? The Abbey was founded at direct Papal behest, by Edward the Confessor; it was an Abbey of Benedictine monks; it was not subject to any English bishop, but "directly subject to the Holy See"; it was alienated by the Tudors by force from the Benedictine order, and changed forcibly from an abbey ("church of an abbot") to a new regime. The Catholics could logically adopt the "St. Sophia" arguments here. What is the moral, then?—After all, 468 years form a good "prescriptive right"; and, unless we are going to apply the principle of "restoration" impartially all round, is it not best to let it alone? Especially if St. Sophia is to be restored, not "to Christendom," but to "the Greek Patriarch": that is, to a minority of Christendom. Besides, during the greater part of the time that St. Sophia was a Christian church, the Eastern and Latin Churches were in full communion

with each other. Now they are not so, but only parts of them are; and St. Sophia would therefore not be restored to a state of affairs like that which existed during most of its Christian days. Best let things be.

Yours obediently,
J. W. POYNTER.

EFFICIENCY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am not a commercial, but a professional man. I come in contact with many commercial people, and I am often impressed by the lack of knowledge they reveal of their own businesses. Whilst naturally the heads of businesses are almost invariably expert, the rank and file are by no means efficient, and the operators are sometimes very inefficient. My own impression has always been that this is due to the abandonment of apprenticeship to a very large extent. I have considered the problem, and I have failed to see why it should not suit employers thoroughly to teach their employees their work and at the same time pay them moderately, instead of letting them pick up such knowledge as they acquire hap-hazard. There is no useful occupation in life that can be acquired to the extent of proficiency without teaching, and the inefficiency of our armies of untrained men and women is an impossible handicap. It is beyond argument that commercial competition with other countries will be more severe than ever it has been and, unless our people are highly trained in their respective spheres, we shall be hopelessly handicapped in the race. It is of supreme importance for us to keep up as high a level as possible of manufactured articles. There is no question whatever that the Merchandise Marks Act benefited the foreigner, because it advertised his goods, and in a great many cases their places of origin were sufficient guarantees of quality. The Act actually checked the foreigner from sending us such unmerchandiseable goods as he had been in the habit of sending.

In spite of high prices, manufactured goods have been during the war and are still extremely unsatisfactory, and, unless this condition of affairs is altered, the result will be that ordinary people will welcome foreign goods, as soon as they are procurable. A person's patriotism can hardly be expected to extend to buying inferior British made goods when he can get much better goods of foreign manufacture, no matter what the country of origin may be, and it is an absolute certainty that, if British manufacturers do not really wake up and reasonably supply demands, foreign goods will be welcomed. We can at least understand that during the fighting there was such a shortage of labour that inexperienced people had to be employed; but one is tempted to think that general inefficiency has been a contributing factor to the unsatisfactory goods which we have had to buy. It has been the substitution of British made for foreign made goods that we have been feeling; that is to say, inferior goods.

Yours faithfully,
A. E. BALE.

A QUESTION OF ANCESTRY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your spirited footnote to a correspondent's recent letter on the modern Greeks, you compress the "extract, flask'd and fine," of a dozen entertaining controversies. It certainly seemed as though at one throw the editorial arm had laid prone the gallant Lieut. Colonel's case for the virtual identity of the contemporary Hellene with the ancient. Such is the potent effect of half the truth, epigrammatically put.

But, untaught by your correspondent's fate, I would like to close with the "adversary." And first, the onus of proof that ethnic mixtures have created practically a new race falls upon those who so argue; since within living memory the Greek has guarded his racial integrity rather more fastidiously than has the average European race—if only because he is surrounded, save at the north and the east, by the sea; and, as regards his land frontiers, is neighboured by hostile or inferior civilisations. If commingling there be at all, it is with

Serbian elements, and then limited. Moreover, the Greek nation—alike in redeemed and unredeemed Hellas—holds itself the custodian and interpreter of "the glory that was Greece." And while this be so, it is assuredly "up to" any one who would dispute the identity of old and new to produce something more than his *ipse dixit*.

But, indeed, there is more in it than that. It was a German—and therefore no predestined phil-Hellene—who in a patient analysis of the modern Greek's significant pedigree, said in 1913 (before the war "mobilised" opinion) at Manchester:—

"The attempt to discover alien and debasing racial mixtures in the modern Greek, compared with his great ancestors, fails and will always fail."

So spoke Professor Thumb, honest beyond the wont of Germans in the abstract atmosphere of disinterested inquiry. Of course, Byron and Shelley held the same—with all that the belief involves of civilisation's duty toward Greece. I am sensible that this age would discount their testimony—for the curious reason that they were poets. That disability to believe the seers I cannot share. They seem to me almost as worthy of attention as the "plain man" or the savant; a perusal of their letters and data convinces one of their extraordinary shrewdness and unsuspected worldly qualities.

I know that, had it been possible, the SATURDAY REVIEW would have been glad to be on the same side with Shelley and Byron and other inquirers with credentials; and accordingly I am all curiosity to hear why, as it seems, you are not.

What mongrel mixture have we to thank for Venizelos, for example? Yet Greece has never been quite without someone of his stamp, who could string the ancient "bow of Ulysses." The pretender could not do so. But one of the same blood can, and at each crisis in Greece's history he has come; the cord is stretched once more upon the notch, singing to the touch of the finger with the sharp note of the swallow.

Yours, etc.,

W. J. BLYTON.

Manchester.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FUND.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Though a fairly assiduous student of the Press, I have read nothing of late concerning the Prince of Wales's Fund. I only seem to remember a revelation some while since that it was being used to bolster up some of the usual War Finance. This was not the purpose for which it was intended. May I ask if that purpose is being kept in sight? What, in fact, is being done with the Fund, and is it being properly distributed?

Yours faithfully,
J. R.

INCOME TAX WORRIES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I would like to endorse your remarks in the last issue on the difficulty and delay involved in claiming return of income tax.

Government finance is sometimes quite an enigma; for instance, what conceivable benefit accrues to the investor possessing the particular issue of War Loan advertised as specially desirable, in that it is free of income tax?

Why it should be so described is a mystery, as I understand that the tax is applied for later on, and if in the meantime, a claim for return of income is sent in, this investment has to be entered as untaxed, and thereby the amount returnable is considerably reduced. In one case a lady was told by her banker that it was not worth while claiming anything, as the amount payable on this Loan would equal or exceed the total sum returnable on the whole income.

Yours truly,

M. CHICHESTER.

REVIEWS

HOME RULE FOR ASIA.

The Awakening of Asia. By H. M. Hyndman. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

THAT cock-sure babbler, Wilhelm II., spoke frequently of the "Yellow Peril," and he was careful to impress his political prescience in this regard upon all classes—not forgetting his American dentist, Mr. Arthur Davis. The seat and centre of the alleged peril was, of course, Japan. Her army was German-trained, her munitioners were not only supplied from the Essen shops, but—as Prussian militarists rued, when the siege of Tsing-Tau began—they were also taught industrial tricks of the war-trade by the complaisant hierarchy of Krupp's.

"It serves us right," was the grim verdict of big-wigs of the Berlin Kriegsakademie, during that rude eviction of *Deutschtum* from the Far East, by our Japanese Ally. Now Mr. Hyndman warns us afresh about this Yellow bogey—this Asiatic hydra of a thousand million heads, stirring and throeing to-day, "from the Persian Gulf to the Sooloo Sea, and from the Amoor River to the Straits of Singapore."

Mr. Hyndman reminds us that "Asia raided and scourged Europe for a thousand years. Now for five hundred years the counter-attack of Europe upon Asia has been steadily going on; and it may be that the land of long memories will cherish some desire to avenge this period of wrong and rapine in turn. The seed of hatred has already been but too well sown."

Mr. Hyndman, whose book was held up by the Censor for more than two years, sees all European contact in Asia, political and commercial, as "almost wholly harmful." He would have Britain, France, Russia, Holland and the United States relinquish their Asiatic possessions and dependencies. "We are turning over a new page in the history of the human race," the author reminds us. "If, in international relations, the old race and colour prejudices are maintained; if trade and commerce, interest and profit continue to be the principal objects of our statesmanship, then troubles may easily ensue, beside which even the world war may take second place."

"On the other hand, should wider views and nobler aspirations animate both branches of civilised mankind, then indeed a magnificent vista of common achievement will open out before our immediate descendants. The genius of the East and the genius of the West, combined in one noble effort, may solve peacefully and beneficently, for innumerable centuries, the complicated economic and social problems which now face us, to the permanent advantage and enjoyment of all."

But these rhetorical flourishes take us nowhere. Race and colour prejudices lie deeper than any statesmanship, as the Governments of America, Canada, Australia and South Africa know to their abiding cost in anxiety and perplexity. Interest and profit are prime motives in human activity, alike in the individual and the mass. As for "self-determination" among the nations, we see from day to day how all but impossible this is in its application in Europe, let alone in Asia, whose age-long appeal to the *jus gladii* Mr. Hyndman traces for us in his first chapter, as "one long record of rapine and slaughter."

At the same time, it is undeniable that no reign of peace imposed by the West, no benign rule or material advantage, outweighs the guerdon of racial independence, however stormy its regime may be. For the herd-instinct which we call nationality is a potent force, and may now be observed fermenting in Asia, from Syria to Mongolia, and from Greater Arabia to China, where President Hsi-Shih-Chang is greatly concerned about the "Sovereignty" of his vast and unwieldy State of 400,000,000 people.

China is perpetually at war—with herself. On the Republic's birthday, President Wilson sent his "heartfelt wishes," but these were tempered with a frank warning, "since China is torn by internal dis-

sessions so grave, that she must compose these before she can fulfil her desire to co-operate with her sister nations in their great struggle for the future existence of their highest ideals." As delegate in Paris, Mr. Wellington Koo's first protest was not against any European Power, but focussed upon the "Denunciation and revision of the Chino-Japanese Treaty of 1915."

The Twenty-one Demands of this Treaty (especially Group V.) simply made an end of China's independence, and turned that teeming land into a glorified Korea, under the hegemony of Japan. And talking of Korea, here again "ungrateful" nationalism—or Sinn Feinism—raises a clamorous head. Students and "Heaven Worshipers" parade the streets of Seoul and Phong-Yang, under the belief that the Council of Ten in Paris have declared the "independence" of Korea, and that all the benefits of Japanese rule, as shown by the Terauchi Administration, may now be cast off, and the Hermit Kingdom permitted to sink again into its former slough of abasement.

All Asia's woes, according to Mr. Hyndman, come from European exploitation. He instances the opium in China—which no one now defends; he traces the causes of the Boxer Rising, and the European grabs that followed that patriotic surge. But "China for the Chinese" is quite a misleading slogan. The ablest native opinion now favours the development of China's resources with foreign capital; and the most dreaded intruder of all, is not the European, but the Japanese, who recently informed the American State Department that "propinquity," and other causes, gave Japan "special interest" throughout the Far East.

The rise of Japan in forty years Mr. Hyndman rightly calls "something altogether unprecedented in human history." He traces the rise of our Ally as "the Mistress of Asia"; and, of course, he touches on that thorny problem, the yellow man's migration to Australia, British Columbia and the three Pacific States of America. Here the white populations take a resentful stand; and Japan, stung to the quick by the "inferiority" implied, remains quietly insistent, and by no means content to leave the matter shelved in a "Gentlemen's Agreement," such as was made with President Roosevelt and State Secretary Root in 1907.

As for India, Mr. Hyndman sees the British Occupation as an unmitigated infamy, which battens upon Asiatic poverty to the tune of at least £30,000,000 a year. "Peace may be an accursed thing, if accompanied by foreign tyranny and economic ruin."

The rudeness of the Gaekwar, the agitation of Chandra Pal, Lajpat Rai and Bal Gungunder Tilak, Mr. Hyndman views sympathetically as so many protests against "British misrule," and a yearning for absolute, or qualified *Swaraj*. And he concludes his survey with the resolutions and modifications of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, which the National Congress and All India Moslem League passed at Bombay last September.

"Nothing less than self-government within the Empire can satisfy the Indian people," who are now declared to be "fit for responsible Government." Freedom of speech and of the Press was demanded, and subject to license, "every Indian subject shall be entitled to bear arms"—surely an ominous claim for the peaceful Asiatics of Mr. Hyndman's special pleading.

His book is well documented, but one-sided throughout, being based upon the fallacy that the wholesale withdrawal of Western influence would mean prosperity and peace for Asia's millions, and repose and contentment for the war-worn peoples of Europe.

But to-day the world is one as it never was before; and water-tight compartments of nationality are no longer possible. For many reasons Europeans have pressing need of Asia and Asia of us. Moreover, Mr. Hyndman notwithstanding, the white man is still convinced he is "superior" to any of the coloured races, and that the wise governance of the world must remain in his hands, despite all errors, past, present and future.

THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS.

State Morality and The League of Nations. By James Walker and M. D. Petre. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.

WE confess that we took up this little book with a shudder. 'The League of Nations' read depressingly enough, but 'State Morality' super-added thereto seemed to make for ultra-Cimmerian gloom. Happily the wrapper reminded us that one of the authors wrote 'Democracy at the Cross Roads,' a bright intellectual exercise which we greeted warmly some months ago. We were sure therefore of agreeable cleverness on one side, and we had not gone far in Mr. Walker's company before we discovered that he too could write with purpose. So the joint production was perused in a temper of due amiability. It is, indeed, rather like a friendly "pat up" at racquets. Mr. Walker regards the League of Nations as a practical scheme of politics; Miss Petre looks upon it, in President Wilson's words, as "a mandate of humanity," and they both elaborate their positions in the spirit of sweet reasonableness, dear to Matthew Arnold.

The worst of it is, that events move quickly in these days, and that essays on international relationships tend to become obsolete before they are actually published. Miss Petre would have done well to date her "foreword." Then we should have known exactly where the pair take up their stand. As things are, they handle Viscount Grey's speech of October 10th, 1918; they give extracts from Mr. Zimmer's book; and they even revive that almost forgotten disputationist, Mr. E. D. Morel. But men much more closely in touch with affairs than that trinity have spoken about the League of Nations since 1919 was with us; we know, in fact, pretty accurately what the outline of the thing amounts to. And so sentences like, "Some kind of a League of Nations might emanate from the Peace Conference without being such as to satisfy the ideal that has been formed of it in the heart of the world at large," leave us guessing. Had the Conference met when Mr. Walker and Miss Petre discussed its possibilities, and how far had it proceeded in its deliberations? Not very far, we imagine, otherwise Miss Petre would not have been at pains to demolish the idea of an "international force" to settle disputes between conflicting States. That force has been demobilised before enlistment, so to speak, after a groan from M. Bourgeois and a moan from Mr. Barnes.

This indefiniteness of treatment does not greatly matter, perhaps, since the one point that really counts about the League of Nations is whether it is to be taken as a workable proposition or the reverse. Mr. Walker strives hard to show that it can be so taken, but while his generalities are impressive, he is mightily cautious in approaching single instances. The case of disturbed Mexico occurs to him, and he thinks that it may be assumed from President Wilson's utterances that "the right of intervention by the League would be asserted in all internal disputes which threaten to have a disruptive effect upon the general relations of the League." For ourselves, we think it rash to assume anything whatever from President Wilson, and we are perfectly certain that American opinion at large would not tolerate for one instant any international interference in Mexico. Mr. Walker, again, sets great store on blockade as a measure of coercion, for example, as against Germany, but he ignores the fact that all the importing nations would be trying to dodge it, and so the blockader, presumably ourselves, would become universally odious.

Take things as we may, Central Europe will be occupied by a compact Germany-Austria, rapidly increasing in population, and yet cramped for seaboard by the loss of Dantzig, Trieste and Fiume. Such a Power is bound to be expansive, but all that the League of Nations can do is to decree a limitation of armies—in Germany's case the figure is humorously put at 100,000 men—without any permanent military

strength at its back to carry out its decisions. When we add that the new born Republics, with the control of Austria, Russia and Turkey removed, are all itching to be at one another's throats, it will be perceived that the League of Nations, so far from being a practical plan, is likely to resolve itself into a plaster for an earthquake.

Miss Petre's theme is able, but esoteric. She does not greatly concern herself about the efficiency of the League of Nations. Taking as her guide Machiavelli's doctrine that statecraft is a science with its own object and laws, she draws a line between political morality and that higher morality defined somewhat sanctimoniously by President Wilson as "a mandate of humanity." The League of Nations may be to seek in its practical achievements, since the various States with their own interests in view will be pulling different ways, but it cannot fail to promote high philosophy. "I think, then," we are told, "that we may co-operate with and rejoice at every step towards the political realization of a League of Nations, but that, should it disappoint our expectations, all is not lost." Possibly not, but when people discover that they have been assisting at a solemn sham, there is apt to be a recoil; and when the participants in the debate are tumultuous democracies, the meeting, in the language of the police reports, will break up in confusion. Miss Petre would have been on safer ground, if she had urged the reduction of the League of Nations to propaganda. By that means "the rivalries of separate States and nations" might not be "burnt up in the furnace of human love," but the idea would be kept smoulderingly alive. Let us have a magazine, with humanitarian papers by President Massaryk, international music by President Paderevski, and for illustrations, "President Wilson's tennis party at White House" and even "Mr. Bonar Law with pipe." And why not the cinema, "The Kurd at home" and "The Ukrainian mother and her babe?" We should then have a League of Notions, Yankee notions. It would be much less expensive than the other League, with its committees, sub-committees, tribunals, deputations, reports, and the rest of it; and quite as much good, or as little harm, would be visited on this world of sin and sorrow.

ETIQUETTE FOR PRISONERS.

The Prisoners of Mainz. By Alec Waugh. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

SINCE he has become a chronicler, it is a pity that Mr. Waugh was of the lucky few who, in the early days of the German offensive of March last, passed from the line to Karlsruhe in comparative ease and comfort. He escaped, and missed, so much which should be recorded. For example, his brief mention of the French women's gifts of cigarettes and tobacco might have been expanded with advantage. All who went that way can testify to the fervour of generosity which swept occupied France like a wave, when the prisoners passed through. The devotion of the people cannot be too often extolled. Again, Mr. Waugh's description of his journey into the interior cannot be accepted as a typical experience. Most of the prisoners spent the four days, not in railway compartments, but huddled, fifty or sixty together, in filthy cattle trucks. They began the journey with one thick slice of German bread, and thenceforward were fed once in twenty-four hours at country "Halts," always in the middle of the night, on macaroni soup. They slept in relays, thirty taking the floor at once.

We should have welcomed, too, a few trained observations on the German Transport and Medical Services, because we doubt if the public, even now, realises how obvious it was to those who saw behind the scenes in March that the German military machine was in a very crippled condition. A large proportion of lorries were iron-shod; and the Horse Transport was an amazing sight. Two-wheeled farm-carts lurched through the ruts in the same train as military wagons. Hay wains followed drays—even traps took a part, all streaming West—and all smothered beneath

fir and laurel branches—emblems of victory, not camouflage! No limbers were seen. As for the Boche Medical Service, his paper dressings and an evident lack of stretchers were eloquent of desperate circumstances. His wounded, as well as ours, were carried from the field, often for very long distances, in ground sheets slung between several men.

Mr. Waugh's analysis of the mental and nervous conditions induced by imprisonment is interesting, and, on the whole, just. Speaking of the type which prefers "action to contemplation," he says, "There was something rather pathetic in the various attempts that were made to fight against the growth of listlessness and apathy." As might have been expected from the young author of 'The Loom of Youth,' he develops this into an attack upon the English Public School system. At the same time, there can be no doubt that, had half the attention bestowed on physical education been devoted to the development of the brain, the average individual would have better endured imprisonment. It was more than pathetic, it was dismaying, to see how utterly resourceless so many men were. For months they moped dejectedly from room to square, and square to room, purposeless; animate merely with breath, lounging bodies without minds.

A prominent figure in the book is Mr. Milton Hayes, a professional entertainer who most ably employed his talents for the benefit of his fellows—which merit, however it may materially assist his chances of Paradise, scarcely explains the wide advertisement given him in Mr. Waugh's book. One can imagine Mr. Waugh blissfully visioning Mr. Hayes as a second Socrates, and himself as Plato, the pupil and friend who may become even greater than the great teacher.

Perhaps as important as anything in the book are Mr. Waugh's strictures on "the turbulent few" who did not realise "that it was in their own interests to keep quiet. . . ." Ragging, he informs us, provided the authorities with an excuse for closing the theatre, and cheering during Allied bombing raids caused walks to be stopped. Therefore, Mr. Waugh thinks, ragging should have ceased forthwith, and cheering, indeed, any display of spirits or spirit, should have been immediately suppressed. In other words, the camp, as a whole, should have "knuckled under" to an arrogant little Prussian, in order to retain a few privileges. Few as they were, and simple as they seem, those privileges were no mean ones, nor to be lightly flung away. A two-hours' walk weekly was of far more moment to a prisoner than is a six-hour day to a collier. But, a man's first duty in an enemy country is to "keep his end up," sustain his country's prestige, and his own moral. Mr. Waugh admits that, to escape harsh treatment, the camp, as a whole, would have had to walk a very strait and narrow path. Indeed, yes! and the longer they walked, the narrower it would have become, pegged out and hedged by a ferocious little Prussian. In a "Strafe" camp it was doubtless advisable to wear a mask of submission. In an ordinary lager, however, where the authorities had less absolute and drastic powers, relations with them invariably improved if their toes were trodden on occasionally. In Germany "der Engländer" was always expected to be a little mad, careless, difficult to deal with (we quote Mr. Waugh's favourite German professor); so, why throw away one's birthright? The memory of the large crowd of troublesome prisoners will linger long in the land, and the impression will not be bad. If, years hence, a German Gefangenenlager officer, asked for reminiscences of his wardenship, replied, "M'well, 'twasn't very exciting. The prisoners were such a docile crowd, you see," his hearers would have no bright, particular regard for those prisoners. But if, with grievances still lingering in his memory, our German answered, "Ahhrr! they would not be quiet; one had to watch them, always. They were troublesome, those prisoners;" and, if he went on to enumerate a few of their crimes—such as midnight appearances at the windows, to applaud and sympathise with unsuccessful escape parties; frantic demonstrations of enthusiasm, when raiding aeroplanes broke through the barrage; the spoliation by fire, when

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search parties collected "tin-hats," of all but the bare shells, and the consequent filling of camp with the stench of the burning rubber linings; and a score of similar acts—then, the next age would decide that its twentieth-century forbears had something quite sound in them, after all. There was one little habit of "der Engländer" which our German might not think of mentioning. It came into evidence after the Armistice, when the prisoners, comparatively free, took to using the municipal trams in their trips of discovery. Quite as a matter of course, in the busy hours, they resigned their seats to women—and were, in every case, struck by the astonishment which their act evoked, also by the obvious pleasure of the lady, who seemed to have been presented suddenly with a new and pleasing view. The German male, likewise, looked surprised, but, unlike the lady, did not seem to admire the custom. As observation quickly showed, he is not in the habit of standing aside for a lady, nor of giving up room for her.

It seems to us that Mr. Waugh, in his omission of much characteristic detail on such subjects, has missed an opportunity for voicing sympathetic observation, and interesting a wider public. His book is illustrated by good photographs, and some amusing drawings by Capt. R. T. Roussel, a fellow-prisoner.

AN AGRICULTURAL SHOWMAN.

Fifty Years of a Showman's Life. By Thomas F. Plowman. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

THE author has selected an appealing title for these reminiscences of his "career as an agricultural showman"; and readers attracted by its bright suggestion of circus and fair will be too well entertained to regret their misapprehension. Agriculture and the breeding of live-stock are, as we have at last begun to understand, of the highest national importance. But their technical details cannot reasonably be expected to interest those not provided with technical knowledge. Mr. Plowman wisely restricts himself in this province to "science jottings" of the popular order, supplemented by many good stories of the exhibitions which he assisted in organising, and of the various celebrities who in one way or other, took part in them.

Amongst these was Archdeacon Denison who "knew the constituents of a good Cheddar cheese" better than most people, and concerned himself practically to encourage the production of this commodity, and its sale at a commensurate price. Some persons, will, perhaps, find in this simple statement an unlooked for justification of the militant archdeacon's existence. Of his activity in another direction Mr. Plowman has an anecdote which seems almost too good to be true. It fell to his lot one year to preach the Sunday sermon at the "Bath and West Show," and, being on that occasion the guest of a Unitarian, he thought fit to deliver a highly dogmatic and minatory discourse on the lines of the Athanasian Creed, quite over the heads of his congregation generally and containing no reference to the special circumstances in which they had assembled. This remarkable tribute to the obligations of hospitality is, we think, typical of Denison's missionary zeal at its best. For controversy under conditions which would allow the other side a hearing he had neither the mental equipment nor, as he himself frankly admitted, the temper. It has been claimed on behalf of St. Dominic that, in the battle with heresy to which his life was devoted, he used no weapons but prayer, arguments and patience. Of two out of these three methods Denison would seem to have been congenitally incapable. But by way of compensation he was strenuous in his appeal to the secular arm, or the nearest approach to the abstraction which our degenerate age could tolerate, and we learn that Mr. Plowman's father was among those who supported his action in this respect.

As a specimen of "nature study," we have the pleasing tale of a nocturnal attack of robbery frustrated through the warning given by a wakeful gander, this modern instance establishing the authenticity of a well-known incident in Roman

history. More pleasing still is the comment of an expert poultry keeper who "knew of no better watchdogs than geese, for they were so highly strung that the least symptom of anything unusual at night was sufficient to put them in a flutter of excitement." This would not seem to bear out the popular theory of a close connection between "high stringing" and superior intellectual ability. We have found pleasure also in a letter written more than a hundred years ago by one of Mr. Plowman's predecessors in the office of Secretary to the Bath and West Society, which expounds a scheme for growing apple trees from seed, and thus staving off for a time the deterioration which (by an immutable natural law) was already overtaking the best stocks of cider apples. Of a more serious nature are the descriptions of cider making in Brittany, and of the wonderful research work carried out by Miss Ormerod, which has been of untold value to agriculturists. She devoted herself to the investigation of injurious insects. "When some special pest came to the front she took it in hand, and issued gratuitously and at her own cost, thousands of leaflets of warning and direction. In order better to disseminate abroad her store of knowledge, she mastered half a dozen foreign languages, including Russian." Mr. Plowman thinks there was no hyperbole in the term applied to Miss Ormerod by the Dean of Faculty at Edinburgh University when he presented her for the Honorary LL.D. Degree: "A beneficent Demeter of the nineteenth century." The interesting chapter on the divining rod may, perhaps, be reckoned as dealing with a subject on the borderland of science. The author's personal experience has convinced him that a power of finding water does exist, and that it is a natural gift more frequent in women than in men, and found sometimes in children.

The personal note in this book is throughout agreeable and engaging.

CRANK CRITICISM.

The Rival Philosophies of Jesus and of Paul. By Ignatius Singer. Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.

THE older Protestantism was accustomed to appeal from the Catholic Fathers and Councils to St. Paul. When this did not yield the desired result, the appeal was from St. Paul to the Evangelists, though some of the Pauline Epistles are earlier in date than any of the Gospels. The next step was to disinter from the Gospel story, so full of marvels and high mysteries, a gentle Galilean Figure who went about doing good and teaching peasants a simple morality. Finally, the critics pronounced that no such Figure was to be found there, and that the only Jesus of whom the records preserve any trace was a dramatic, apocalyptic, highly theological Christ, making the most awful claims for Himself and proclaiming the catastrophic coming of a visible Monarchy.

Mr. Singer appears to have shut himself up in a corner somewhere, and to know nothing of what has been going on. Where all the finest and most laborious scholarship of Germany has failed to find the Liberal Protestant Jesus, he assumes Him, and vilifies St. Paul for inventing Christianity instead. "Jesus was not the founder of Christianity; the Christ-myth had no existence till many years after His death." But the Evangelists are in the same condemnation as the Tarsian. "The 'Christ' of the Gospels is a myth." Many of the sayings and actions there ascribed to the Nazarene are diametrically opposed to His spirit. St. Mark (or pseudo-Mark) put into His mouth "an illogical, incomprehensible and brutal decree." But the Synoptists themselves, though "manifestly ignorant and superstitious," were faithful to the tradition handed down to them, including a hundred childish absurdities and paltry miracles, fit only for the credulous. "Poor dupes—they believed it all, too, and lived up to their belief; sold their earthly possessions and made common cause." Mr. Singer is at a loss whether to feel more pity or contempt for the primitive saints and martyrs, misled by a grossly deluding set of writings. All of which does not enable us to under-

stand where Mr. Singer finds his real "Sage of Nazareth," who was "no more responsible for Christianity and its strange doctrines than he was for Mohammedanism or Mormonism." "In the Gospels the real Jesus and a legendary Christ have been combined into an impossible monstrosity. The Gospels are a confused mass of incoherent statements."

If the case of the Evangelists, or rather, of the tradition which they ignorantly followed, is so black, what must be the guilt of St. Paul, the founder of the Catholic religion, the believer in a bodily resurrection, the proclaimer of a dogmatic, mysterious, sacramental and authoritative faith? "Jesus desired to establish on earth what Paul hoped to find in the clouds." All the other worldliness and heavenly-mindedness which have deformed Christianity may be traced to this "austere, narrow-minded, bigoted, doctrinaire, superstitious and intolerant" Pharisee. His conceptions were grossly materialistic, his reasoning always specious, superficial and plausible. Paul might almost be described as "the veritable anti-Christ, in the sense of being an adversary of true religion." From Pauline methods of argument we get the doctrine of the Fall, the Atoning Sacrifice and Ransom, the Resurrection, Salvation by Faith, the Trinity, the Virgin Birth, the Athanasian Creed, the Eucharist, Apostolic Succession, and many other deplorable superstitions. By the by, Mr. Singer attributes the Epistle to the Hebrews to St. Paul (p. 100). He sums up by saying that "there is not a Christian doctrine which is not diametrically opposed to the 'ethics of Jesus.'"

We believe that the above extracts fairly state Mr. Singer's point of view—we cannot call it his case, for a Hyde Park orator is better equipped with serious argument. He has written his book to protect his own children from the contamination of "Christianity," and he is cheered to find that there is a great and growing falling off in Church attendance. But our author is far from being a secularist or materialist. He has a real reverence for a kind of ultra-Unitarian, super-Liberal holy teacher of old. The fact remains that he has evolved this teacher out of his own, or other people's, inner consciousness. Not a footprint of his conception remains in any extant muniment or primitive institution.

THE REAL THING?

The Blond Beast. By Robert Ames Bennet. Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.

IF whisky can be prohibited in America, might not we in England have a prohibition of eye-racking type such as disfigures this volume? It is a regrettable circumstance, for what we have here is old-fashioned melodrama at its strongest and hottest, well calculated to throw a blessed illusion of unreality over horrors which are all too authentic. The heroine, Lucy Carew, is a Trans-Atlantic heiress, equipped with a complexion of rich rose (curiously relieved by old gold) green eyes, copper-tinted hair, and a car painted and fitted out to reproduce this remarkable scheme of colour. Arriving at Berlin in the summer of 1914, she establishes friendly relations with some members of the native aristocracy, and also renews her acquaintance with Lan Thorpe, a compatriot who is on the eve of marriage with Elsa von Kissel, a high born Fräulein. When the war breaks out, both Americans volunteer for Red Cross work and in the course of a few brief months see crowds of atrocities which have reached publicity through the Press, as well as others vividly stamped with the hall-mark of the Cinema play. Lucy's polychrome attractions are greatly too much for her peace, and at every turn she is exposed to the fiendish machinations of Count von Pappheim, the villain, who to his other qualities adds the not especially German defect of cowardice. The conclusion, however, leaves him a prisoner in British hands, while Elsa, now his wife, family pressure having induced her to break her engagement with Lan, remains a grass-widow in the Fatherland. Lucy, meanwhile, had also provided herself with a German fiancé, but he has the good taste to die of wounds, and, as a preliminary, to

hand her over with his blessing to Lan. They are married accordingly, but with the immediate prospect of parting again; for Lan's experience has decided him to take service with the Allies, and on this note the story closes. We have read it with real enjoyment.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

The Jervaise Comedy. By J. D. Beresford. Collins. 6s. net.

TO lay stress on the fact that this is a singularly well written story might be interpreted as inferring that its merits on other grounds are of a negligible order. We cannot wholly disclaim this implication, for we are certainly of opinion that the "comedy" cannot rely for effect either on dramatic personae, or argument. Its central incident (the elopement of a squire's daughter with a yeoman's son) is no more than a variation on the oldest of romance themes; and the "changed at nurse" motif introduced towards the end has surely much affinity with that of "the lost heir" repudiated by the author as foolish and familiar. The squire and yeoman and their respective families are rather types than individuals, with the exception, perhaps, of Frank Jervaise, the hectoring barrister, who has personality of an unattractive kind. Melhuish, the narrator, a popular playwright who has acquired the habit of regarding all experience as providing material for his professional activities, is genuinely engaging in his first and irresponsible period. But his sudden conversion to a belief in the simple life and in the world well lost for love leaves us unconvinced and even a little unsympathetic. We find it difficult to imagine him as working owner of the Canadian farm in which he sinks a capital described with fine indefiniteness as amounting to "thirty or forty thousand pounds." We fall back perforce on our original pronouncement that the story is excellently written: with humour, grace, imagination, and sometimes with beauty.

THE MODERN MISSIONARY.

The Temple Girl. By Henry Bruce. John Long. 7s. net.

WE notice in this novel two defects which seem to us characteristic of much modern fiction. The beginning, like some trade samples, gives a promise which is not borne out by the later portions; and there is scarcely any relation between the title and contents. The opening chapters lead us to expect a well-constructed story, and we are disappointed at finding ourselves confronted with a series of pictures which are original and vivid in some cases, but have only the loosest connection with each other. English missionary effort in India is Mr. Bruce's theme, and his handling of it is pleasantly free from the flippant vulgarity with which it is usually approached. He has no belief in the superiority of indigenous religions; no doubt, apparently, that the missionary's work is worth doing and sometimes well done, and little doubt concerning the sincerity and disinterestedness of the workers generally—when below Episcopal rank. The isolation and physical hardships of their lot, their poverty and the sordidness of their surroundings, and their patient endurance of all these things, as he describes them, bear comparison with the legendary achievements of mediæval evangelists. His claim that dissent—in one specified form—has better results to its credit than the Church can, of course, only be argued upon evidence; and it is worth remembering that an English bishop, not of the Evangelical wing, has testified to the "splendid and abundant fruits" produced by Nonconformist missions. But in view of the perversity with which facts refuse to confirm even a novelist's most logically woven theories, we are unable to believe that all the Anglo-Indian representatives of a school here described by the somewhat antiquated term "Ritualistic" can be such intensely disagreeable people as they are assumed to be. (The one exception mentioned is never presented to our view.) Their reception of Dr. Edgar

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Fulton, a young doctor wishing to practise as a missionary, is absolutely inhuman, though admitting, perhaps, of more palliation than Mr. Bruce, in his natural concern for his hero, is willing to allow. Fulton is a likeable young man, of good life and good intentions; but we discern in him no trace of what old-fashioned people were wont to call personal holiness, and he certainly shows a strong disposition to work only on terms convenient to himself. He has also more than the average susceptibility to female beauty, dark or fair, a dangerous attribute in the circumstances. All these things might justify some distrust in his clerical colleagues, but assuredly not the incredible unfriendliness of their attitude. It appears to us equally incredible that a scandalous incident, treated by the author in a sufficiently charitable manner, should have aroused no remorse in the clergyman responsible, an honest, though most unprepossessing, fanatic. We turn with pleasure to the very different presentation of a Nonconformist mission-station. No attempt is made to idealise the native Christians, but they have all the charm of irresponsible and affectionate children; and the white woman in charge belongs to a type which is not in need of idealisation. There are also scenes from Turanian family life, drawn with humour and discrimination, and a striking portrait of an Afghan princess with the old savage instincts all alive beneath a veneer of Western civilisation. The so-called temple girl (she does not really occupy that status) appears only at the conclusion, and disappears again in conditions which brode a sequel to the story. We are rather amused by Mr. Bruce's question as to what the writer of the 'Limitation' could have found to read when he took refuge in his cosy corner. With Jerome, Augustine, Gregory, and Tertullian to draw upon, surely no monk need have felt dull; to say nothing of the mystic literature as eagerly welcomed by the reading public of that day as the theological novels of Miss Corelli and Mr. Wells are by our own.

THE ORIGINS OF THE TURK.

The Turks of Central Asia in History and at the Present Day. By M. A. Czaplicka. Clarendon Press. 15s. net.

THE Pan-Turanian question is not dead, as some mistakenly think; it is hardly in suspense. Once such expectations as were aroused by the Young Turk propaganda are set afoot, they are not easily destroyed, and it may well be that, long after the Balkans are at peace, the problem of Central Asia will continue to threaten the quiet of the world. What the hopes of those who raised it were may be judged from their own words: "Thirty to forty millions of Turks will become independent, and together with the ten millions of Ottoman Turks, will form a nation of fifty millions," which will then proceed to unite the Mohammedan peoples of Egypt and India and dominate the East. It matters not that their numbers are greatly exaggerated, the idea has been set in movement and is taking fresh shape and power.

The origin of the movement deserves mention. The steppes of Central Asia have always been one of the danger centres of the world. Time after time immense hordes have been driven out from them, perhaps by famine, perhaps by the pressure of invaders behind them, and have fallen almost irresistibly on Europe. Some of these immigrations have taken place in prehistoric times; the latest of any world importance were the invasion of the Turks and the conquest of Russia by Jenghis Khan. During the last century

ethnologists have engaged in the study of the peoples of the steppes, tracing out their relationship in language and culture with the races they have left in Europe and Asia Minor. A general name, Turanian, has been applied to all the peoples whose language showed similarities of structure and vocabulary, however remote. When the time came for Germany to organise the Eastern world against us, the theories of men of science were taken as fact, and the Osmanli Turk was urged to put himself at the head of his kindred, and profit by his war with England to rebuild the Ottoman Empire on a broader foundation, revived by contact with its original source.

It is the main object of this book to examine these theories, and to see what is the real relationship between the so-called Turanian races of Eastern Asia, who were the early Turks, and who are the present Turks of Central Asia. Miss Czaplicka does herself some injustice in describing her study as an enlargement of a lecture given in 1917. It is much more. It has escaped from the form of a lecture altogether and has become an almost complete guide to what is known on the subject, while her bibliography opens a way to students which will save much useless labour.

The first detailed account of the Turks as invaders of Europe seems to be in the 'Tactics' of Leo the Philosopher about 900. They had united with the Bulgars (who were now Christians) to overrun Thrace. They were a horse-breeding people, unable to fight on foot, drinking mares' milk, and with all the characteristics of a steppe-bred race. Neither Prof. Gibbons in his bibliography of the Western Turks, nor Miss Czaplicka refers to this account, and it is rather difficult to place the particular tribes involved.

The author's main results are that the Osmanli Turk has ceased racially to be a Turk at all, the distinguishing test of an Osmanli being his acceptance of the Mohammedan creed. The religion of the Central Asian Turk is usually a form of Shamanism, though on the borders many of them are Mohammedan. The Turanians of Siberia, the Yakuts, are Shamanists. In language they are thoroughly different, and an Osmanli would not understand a single word of what a Turkoman, or an Usbeg, or a Sart was saying. The Turanian peoples are broken up into small tribes, and these into clans, which in ordinary times act quite independently of each other. It is only in times of extraordinary stress that they unite, and then their force is great.

Miss Czaplicka's book will be of the greatest service to all those who are interested, whether as friend or enemy, in the problem of Central Asia. Things are moving there also, and the influence of the Russian Revolution is beginning to be felt. It seems unlikely that Bolshevism will have much power outside the towns, but a return to the conditions of the independent Khanates might easily occur, given a leader or leaders. We do not want a dozen Afghanistans on the borders of Persia and India.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." Thistledown. By Eileen FitzGerald. John Long. 7s. net.

WE are inclined to pronounce this a thoroughly pleasant novel. True, it contains a few incidents which, technically, might invalidate its claims to that title, manslaughter, divorce proceedings, and something resembling bigamy. But these are plainly necessary to the harmonious development of the story and the ultimate triumph of virtue. From the first we realised that a marriage between the exemplary country

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clergyman and the calumniated but meritorious grass-widow who officiates as his housekeeper (Rebecca West and Rosmer with a difference) could only be made possible by the death of the lady's unworthy husband, any less violent solution being plainly in the circumstances insufficient. And that this death should result from a free fight with the brother of the girl whom he has illicitly courted is in accordance with all the orthodox traditions of fiction and the drama. The scene fluctuates between London and Cornwall, and the time is honestly that agreeable period before the war when distinguished dramatists were of more account than they now are, and "first nights" bulked as momentous occurrences in many harmless lives. Dialogue and characterization are alike bright and fresh, and convey an occasional hint of some better quality still.

FICTION IN BRIEF

'THE DEVIL'S PROBLEM,' by Margaret Westrup (Hurst & Blackett, 6s. 9d. net), is the story of a young woman, Penelope Glynn, who lived in a seaside town before the war a life of inward joy in nature and beauty under an outside of reserve. After an unsuccessful attempt at V.A.D. nursing, she marries a wounded and shell-shocked officer, mainly because she is the only person who can calm his nerves. As he recovers his health the problem of their future becomes pressing, and the author's solution is quite neat. The interest grows on the reader to the last page.

'BLIGHT,' by M. Fulton (Duckworth, 7s. net), describes the effect of the influence of Stanley Baird on Irene Redfern, a woman of character, to whom he was engaged, on Elsie Redfern, her sister, of weaker personality, whom he married, and on Grace Manners, with whom he had an affair at the beginning of the book, and at its close. The author's part in the story is well done, but we do not recommend it to those who like happy endings or poetic justice.

'THE WEIRD SISTERS,' by James Blyth (Ward, Lock, 6s. net), is frankly a "shocker" which relies for its interest on buried treasure, two sisters who practise black magic, a white witch who counteracts their spells, a duel and an abduction, and a loathly monster of the marshes. Three hundred pages of this give a full measure of delight to those who relish emotions of this sort.

'THE JESMOND MYSTERY,' by Headon Hill (Ward, Lock, 6s. net), caters for amateurs of murder mysteries. We begin with the disappearance of an officer on leave, who is unwelcome to two mill-owners, uncle and nephew. The uncle is next murdered, the twin of the officer visits the nephew and finds a dead man under the dining room table (see frontispiece). The nephew's house itself is mined to blow up the twin and other evidences of crime. The missing officer is discovered as a prisoner, while the nephew is killed in his turn. Here is a feast of blood and sensation.

'THE LEAGUE OF ST. LOUIS,' by David Whitelaw (Jarrold, 1s. 9d.), is a well-told story of the French Revolution and of how a true lover fought for the King and saved his love in many adventures.

'THE EAGLE'S EYE,' by W. J. Flynn and C. R. Cooper (Prospect Press, New York, \$1.50 net). This is the story of the American Secret Service organization against the German plots before the entry of the United States into the war. In a number of startling episodes the authors describe one after another the attempts to organise strikes, sabotage, fires, the invasion of Canada, and the destruction of the Welland Canal, and the methods by which they were defeated. Cast in the form of fiction, the book is based on actual fact.

'STATION X,' by G. McLeod Winsor (Jenkins, 6s. net), is a story of the wireless service and of how through it the inhabitants of Venus and of Mars endeavoured to get into touch with our earth. Venus, it seems, is the home of good intelligences far superior to ours, while the inhabitants of Mars are evilly disposed and more powerful still. The service at Station X seems to us impossibly under-staffed, but a detail like that will not obtrude itself upon those who have any curiosity to know what Mr. Winsor has to say.

'THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER' is a very good example of the detective story. The dead body of a man newly arrived in London is found in an entry off Middle Temple Lane late at night by a journalist. In the course of his investigations suspicion falls on one or another person, till in the end the crime is fastened on one who has attracted no attention in the story. We recommend it to readers of this kind of fiction.

'THE AMETHYST RING,' by Anatole France, translated by B. Drillian (Lane, 7s. 6d. net), Miss Rebecca West declared recently of Anatole France that "Less than any French author does he lose in translation, for his bland cadence can be reproduced very faithfully in English. . . ." As a matter of fact, it is, as in the case of Voltaire, perfectly easy to reproduce in English the main lines of what he has to say, but it is almost impossible to convey the meaning with which his simple phrases are surcharged in anything remotely resembling his form. The present volume is a good example of the "There or thereabouts" school of translation. Where Mr. France writes "the short Jewish or Chaldean stories of the origin of the world which happen to be in the sacred books of the Christians," the translator puts "the little Jewish or Chaldean legends which are still found in the Christian books on religion" (p. 145). Such translations have their use, if it is only to send our younger critics to the originals. Let us hope they will profit by the experience.

THE MONTHLIES

In the 'NINETEENTH CENTURY' Mr. Frederic Harrison writes a comparison of 'Greek and Elizabethan Tragedy,' in which, without abating the claims of Shakespeare as the supreme poet, he points out the superior merit, as pure tragedy, of the *Antigone* stage, and shows how all the circumstances tended to favour this development. The Hon. John Collier, in 'Back to Nature,' begs for a return to the old ideals of painting, and quotes Leonardo and Dürer against the modern critics who teach that painters should turn their back on Nature. Mr. W. S. Lilly writes on 'Mesmerism and what has come of it,' Hypnotism on the one hand and Spiritualism on the other, both of them with potentialities of evil and fraud. Mr. Rolleston discourses on St. Patrick, his article being founded on two tracts we noticed recently, and Mr. Bechofer describes the Azev affair, where the Tsar's paid agent was proved to have arranged the murder of the Tsar's uncle and his chief minister. In the political articles Dr. Frodsham wants to know why the British Empire is not a good enough League of Nations for us, and Mr. Wyatt attacks the League and the United States. Mr. George Dewar is hopeful for the future in 'The Decay of the Wage System,' advocating industrial partnership. Major-General Sir G. Aston contributes the review of Lord Jellicoe's book and goes closely into the history of the Jutland fight, drawing some lessons as to the importance of early and trustworthy information. A very effective number.

'BLACKWOOD' still keeps up its astonishing supply of first-rate stuff, whether dealing with Greek enmity in Salonika or hair-breadth escapes in Turkey, or air adventures in Flanders, or the artillery in 'The Return Push,' or the second cousin as biographer. Mr. Williams on 'The Collapse' shows how the Home Front and the War Front of the Germans reacted on each other. 'Musings without Method' are a little more materially-minded and less bitter than usual in their call for a union of the new middle-class.

'CORNHILL' is a very good number this month, with Mr. Boyd Cable's story of how an old African hunter scored in aircraft duels, Lord Eversley's reminiscences of the Admiralty in 1871, and Dr. Frodsham's account of the occupied parts of Germany. There is a friendly account of the Ministry of Munitions from within. Lieut. Freeman describes the first stages of his voyage to Kiel, and the editor writes of Lady Ritchie and Canon Beeching. Commander H. E. Rendall seems to have had a lively time 'On the Shores of the White Sea'; his letters are well and vividly written.

The 'BULLETIN OF THE JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY' contains, as usual, a number of important studies, chief among which is Dr. Rendel Harris's attempt to represent Apollo as an apple god. He gets together a good deal of evidence as to fertility rites of apple trees, and the relations of Apollo to trees; but the connection does not satisfy us. Prof. Herford has a good article on 'Norse Myth in English Poetry,' full of information and sound appreciation. Three letters of John Eliot are printed as Americana, and Mr. Poel gives a table showing the division of Shakespeare's plays into Acts and Scenes in the First Folio.

THE FORTNIGHTLY has this month a first-rate article by Mr. Walkley on 'Johnson and the Theatre,' which will revive memories of many of the less often quoted sayings of its hero. Mr. Spielmann gives us the Heger family view of the Brown letters, and, we are bound to say, fully makes out his case. There is a good translation of a paper "On Gambling," by M. Maeterlinck, which gives one side of the discussion only—humanity can only thrive in an atmosphere of modified uncertainty. The story of the assassination of Count Mirbach is evidently written by one who knows all that was going on in Moscow at the time, and gives a good account of a counter-revolution that failed. Mr. Hurd describes the Battle of Jutland in the light of Lord Jellicoe's book and Mr. Mackray has some comforting things to say of 'The New Middle East.' There are two sound articles on 'German War Finance' and 'The Future of Austria,' and Mr. Israel Zangwill is allowed to extend himself over 'The Territorial Solution of the Jewish Question,' which does not solve anything.

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OUR LIBRARY TABLE

'The Sister Disciple.' By William Le Queux. Hurst & Blackett. 6s. 9d. net.

'Countess Glika and Other Stories.' By Warwick Deeping. Cassell. 7s. net.

'The Unhallowed Vow.' By Hylda Rhodes (Mrs. C. E. Ball). Long. 7s. net.

'Rovers of the Night Sky.' By Night Hawk, M.C. Cassell. 5s. net.

'The King of the Smugglers.' By W. A. Stanley Hellyar. Bristol. Arrowsmith. 5s. net.

'Ancient Mariners.' By Morley Roberts. Mills & Boon. 6s. net.

'Queer Beasts and Magics: an Experienced Grandmother's Tale for Grandsons.' By Mrs. Arthur H. D. Acland. Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Le Queux continues to provide the features of the penny dreadful without its redeeming brevity. That he should have many readers is a reflection on the community as well as upon its sense of humour. He might be passed over, if he did not persist in conveying such odd information about foreign countries.

'The Sister Disciple' is supposed to reveal Russian high life, and might well have been concocted below stairs.

Mr. Deeping is no less lurid, but does possess an untrained imagination, and is often as amusing as the most serious of Surrey-side melodramas. His stories have too much action and too little light or shade.

'The Unhallowed Vow' belongs to a slightly better class, and can be read to a finish. It concerns the revenge of a violent and unscrupulous woman upon a man who jilted her at his dying mother's bidding. Much Oriental mysticism is dragged in unconvincingly with excursions into the domains of spirit-rapping and black masses. The angelic heroine is composed of milk and water to an irritating extent.

Most of the stories about aviation have led us to agree with "Night Hawk," who says in his preface that "to fly is more fascinating than to read about flying." But his 'Rovers of the Night-Sky' are not without a blunt charm, and he has a blunt way with him that enables us to share some of his experiences as well as to feel we know his companions intimately. We realise just how it feels to "strafe a train," to test the weather and explore the skies in darkness and storm. The yarns themselves have no artistic finish, but would satisfy the average listener over a smoking-room fire.

'The King of the Smugglers' is quite a good boy's book of the good, old-fashioned kind, healthy, amusing and exciting. It reflects the spirit of Cornwall and deserves more than ephemeral success. The line drawings "reproduced by kind permission of Lord Teignmouth," are pretty—especially that of Polperro. We should have liked more of them.

Mr. Morley Roberts is less natural. His humour strikes us a little forced, but we suppose he will continue to appeal to his old readers. The present reviewer finds interest in characters like his "Old Bill Blood," and doubts whether modern boys will derive much pleasure from his 'Ancient Mariners.'

Sheer nonsense must be very good or very nonsensical to pass muster. 'Queer Beasts and Magics' does not please us. Let us hope that Mrs. Acland's grandsons think differently.

LOVE'S ORIENT, by Edgar L. Wilford (Jarrold, 6s. net), begins on a low note in the peaceful rectory garden of Abbasweald, just disturbed by a letter from the only son announcing his return after twenty years' fortune-hunting in South America. There was never much understanding between the fine old rector and his motherless boy, and he hopes that it may grow in the new circumstances. But Edward is married, and his wife, Inez, half-English, half-Brazilian, comes between father and son, and conquers a place in London Society; her portrait is the success of the year, and she comes to believe herself held back by her husband from the wealth she might otherwise have obtained at the hands of an opportune millionaire. The highest pitch of the tale is reached in the discovery scene when Oscar King, the millionaire, is struck down by the injured husband, and falls unrescued into the sea. Edward is acquitted on his trial, and the story ends in the peaceful spot where it began.

The art of writing a pleasing story about unpleasant people is rather difficult, and it is hardly to be expected of the author of a first novel. Inez is a variant of Becky Sharp, but there has been no attempt to arouse our sympathy for her, no statement of the reasonableness of her actions as it appeared to her, and so everything she does is almost unconnected with her personality; she is simply the beautiful soulless temptress of melodrama. Edward is more self-consistent, because he is purely self-centred. The rector is the real hero of the story, and there are some good minor character studies. We are glad to welcome a new recruit, capable of producing a novel like this, written in the great tradition of English fiction.

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THE CITY

By definitely placing an embargo on gold exports the Treasury has clarified the money situation. When artificial support of foreign exchanges was abandoned it created the question how withdrawals of gold to meet adverse balances were to be avoided. The old method was to put up the Bank rate, but sky-high rates might have been ineffective in protecting our gold resources, and as the City can never guess what the Treasury will do there had been some nervousness. The gold embargo means the abandonment for the present of any attempt to resume a free gold market; but what is more important is that the advocates of cheap money for the benefit of trade and finance have won a victory over those who were willing to pay any price for the fetish of a free gold market in London.

It remains to be seen how the cheap money policy will be carried and in what manner it will be applied to the raising of fresh money for the Government. Tentative inquiries have been circulating as to the probable response to a long-dated four per cent. loan issued at a price of about 84 redeemable by annual drawings at par. To tell the blunt truth, the majority of patriotic investors feel that they hold as much Government stock as they can comfortably digest; the appetite falls at an unvaried diet of the most wholesome food; but a loan at 84 with prospect of a good bonus by an early drawing at par would be a change, and would have a very good reception, provided that the terms are not too complicated.

Whether it would be advisable that existing loans and war bonds should be made convertible into the new security is a moot point. Ultimately there must be a funding scheme and it might be well to commence the consolidation now by means of conversion rights; but it is most essential that when the national debt is consolidated it should be moulded into the right form of security. With trade and finance in the melting pot as they are at present it is impossible to be sure what is the right sort of stock. The existing Consols looked well when they were launched in 1888, but owing to their automatic reduction of interest they have cut a sorry figure since. The present is hardly the time for long-term experiments.

The substituted regulations governing new issues are framed (we suppose unavoidably) in obtuse phrases. Fortunately their intention had been explained previously. Broadly it is that a special license of the Treasury is necessary for any issue of which any part of the proceeds are to be applied for capital purposes outside the United Kingdom. It is to be hoped that the New Issues Committee will be instructed to give special favour to companies operating abroad which undertake that new capital required by them shall be used for the purchase of British manufactures. If a South American railway company, for example, wants capital for locomotives, cars and rails and these manufactures are bought in England the effect of raising the capital is to create employment for the export of goods, not capital, which should be encouraged, not prohibited.

Although new capital issues for home purposes are now free from Treasury supervision the Stock Exchange Committee is determined to maintain its censorship, which perhaps is a very good thing as it may keep wild cat schemes out of the "House"—though we doubt it. The Committee intimates that permission must be obtained before any dealings may take place in an issue which does not require Treasury license.

In the last week or two new issues have been coming out pretty freely and selling fairly well and the tone of the Stock Exchange has not been bad. Evidently there is plenty of money awaiting investment which is not going into National War Bonds. The public requires something a little more alluring from Mr. Chamberlain.

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IN the most direct and simple sense, dye manufacture is a War Industry. Its products are not only a necessity of Naval and Military equipment; they are among the first necessities. The first thing that goes to the making of a soldier is a uniform. It is hardly possible even to train men until they are got into uniform. The uniform makes a profound psychological difference to the men. It is essential to discipline, self-respect, and corporate spirit. A regiment in civilian clothes would be and would feel as ridiculous as a ragged regiment. And as the woollen cloth of which a soldier's or a sailor's uniform is made has to be dyed in the staple, before it is even spun into yarn, the supply of dyes is almost the first essential to making uniforms. As the war went on it was found that the need for dyes was not confined to the dyeing of uniforms and personal equipment. The development of the art of "camouflage," by means of which scores of thousands of casualties must have been averted, necessitated the use of enormous quantities of dyed materials of various kinds.

THE problem of extending and improving the range of dyes was one calling for urgent attention, and the key to that problem lay in the manufacture of more intermediate products, most of which had, prior to the war, been manufactured exclusively in Germany. It was largely in this monopoly of intermediate product manufacture that the overwhelming strength of the German dyestuff monopoly lay.

THE manufacture of these products is almost invariably more

difficult and complicated than the conversion of such products into dyes. The latter stage is generally accomplished in one or two operations, whereas the former may involve six, eight, or even more different operations, upon each of which close study and extensive chemical experience must be brought to bear in order to achieve success.

SUCH was the problem to be attacked. New processes required studying and working out, entirely new plant had to be designed and erected, and whilst the development of intermediate product manufacture had to be pushed forward, the ultimate object of turning out dyestuffs had to be kept well in view. Progress has been realised in both directions, and the dyes which we are manufacturing to-day are made entirely from intermediate products produced in our own factories.

ONE of the most important steps was taken when we acquired the German indigo factory at Ellesmere Port. Indigo, it should be explained, is by far the most important and widely used coal-tar colour. Natural indigo was used thousands of years ago, in civilisations long since extinct. Time, far from diminishing its importance, has increased it. After the constitution of the colouring principle of natural indigo had been solved, and its synthesis from coal tar achieved, the manufacture of synthetic indigo had become a great German monopoly. The new patent laws of the country had compelled the Germans, much against their will, to erect an indigo factory in England. At the outbreak of war this factory, along with other German undertakings, was placed in the hands of a Controller. It was finally acquired by us, and within three months the plant had been put in repair again, the processes of manufacture of indigo with intermediates worked out, and the first batch of Indigo LL placed on the market. Since that time manufacture has been continuous, and in quantity sufficient to meet home requirements.

BEFORE the war the trend of recent progress lay in the direction of dyes of great fastness to light and washing. Indigo itself is a dyestuff not only of great beauty but of excellent fastness. The discovery of its constitution led to the discovery of other indigoes, slightly modified, from the parent type, but all having the family qualities of beauty and fastness. These new indigoes or indigoid dyes, under the names of Durindone Blue, Durindone Red, &c., have been made in quantity at Manchester during the past year or so. They represent a very solid and substantial piece of reclaimed territory. But the demand for fastness was not satisfied with one group of fast dyes. The public ask not

only for fastness but infinite variety, and as long as the public ask, the chemist will endeavour.

IN 1901, a distinguished Alsatian chemist, René Bohn, discovered Indanthrene Blue, the first of a new series of dyestuffs of extreme fastness. The story of his discovery is a beautiful and fascinating example of scientific method, but it is too long to explain here. One might say that by combining the characteristic virtues of Turkey Red and the indigo vat, he had made a new kind of dyestuff that had the fastness of the one added to the fastness of the other. Indanthrene Blue was quickly followed by a long series of dyestuffs sharing the properties of the parent type and distinguished by great beauty of shade. These dyestuffs were of a fastness approaching the absolute, and with their introduction the whole course of trade in finer classes of textiles underwent a gradual change. For the first time the cloth manufacturer could offer a range of shades of guaranteed and unquestioned fastness. The problem of the manufacture of this difficult series was attacked, and several members of the series have been already placed on the market under the name of Duranthrene Colours. Others will become available in the near future.

BUT, it may be asked, if all this work has been done and the foundation of the British dye industry laid so well in these past four years, what more is required? If the new structure is sound, it will hold its own against the fiercest German competition. Unfortunately, it is not quite so simple as that. The British dye industry is a stripling still compared with the giant combinations in Germany.

THE capital of the combined German dye and chemical firms approaches £50,000,000. The capital invested in the British industry hardly reaches £5,000,000. There would be less anxiety as to the future were it not for the fact that dyestuffs are, or were, one of the only two world monopolies that Germany had. Of these two monopolies, one, that of Potash, is completely broken as a result of the victory which restored the potash mines in Alsace to our French Allies. The other, although no longer an unchallenged monopoly, still remains a national danger to this country, since it is clear that a monopoly in dyestuffs, if it can be established, amounts to a stranglehold on the great textile, leather, paper, paint, and other dye-using industries. If nothing were done to prevent it, the German colour works, by the use of their financial power, could put the renaissance British industry out of business in twelve months. It would be the obvious thing for them to do. It would not be commonsense for us to allow them to do it.